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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Annals of Travel

THE reissue of Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which in its own day drew the vituperation of two countries upon its author, brings up afresh the oft-mooted question as to what it is in a work of the sort, or a book of travel, that gives it a vitality outlasting the brief heyday of publication. Why is it that some portrayals of lands and people are dead before they are born and others as potent to charm after the conditions they chronicle have passed into history as at the moment when first they saw the light? It is not merely a matter of sprightliness of manner or interest of subject matter for the vast limbo of books spawned by travel holds in its darkness volume after volume that sparkles with animation or bulges with interesting data. No, it is the subtle essence that personality distils that invests the book of travel with distinction, or the significance which the analysis of a keen mind attaches to the apparently slight and commonplace that gives it lasting importance.

The ideal traveler, of course, is he who knows his history, whose mind is tapestried with incident and anecdote and romantic allusion, but whose heart revels in the present even as his fancy roams in the past. The juiciest chronicles are not those that exude wisdom, but those that reflect curiosity and insight. Your true traveler will find his eye caught as readily by the many petticoats and tight braids of the peasant who bedecks herself in her best to attend a festival as by the melancholy lovelinesss of a Venetian palace. He will grow as intoxicated in watching the red-frocked divinity students winding their way up the ilex avenue of the Pincio as in gazing on the lions of Mycenae. All is grist that comes to his mill—the slight, the usual, and the odd as well as the magnificent and the strange.

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Half the charm of the old records of navigators and explorers lies in the eagerness of their investigation and the freshness of their enjoyment of trifling detail, the faithfulness with which they report the minutiae of scene and civilization, the profound interest they display in the new or the different. Really to travel the journeyer must detach himself from his preconceptions, must be prepared to feel the world he is seeing as another from his own, divergent from it, but not necessarily inferior or superior to it. He must have an abounding concern in the small affairs of society, in its pastimes and habits as well as in its history and art, its business and politics. He must have an absorbing interest in humanity as humanity, a delight in nature, an eye quick for the beautiful or the peculiar in landscape and towns. And to all of this, to be an ideal chronicler of travel, he should add a blend of humor and good humor, of painstaking regard for facts and pleasing ease of expression.

This is the ideal traveler. But there is no denying that some of the most piquant narratives derive their pungence from a good, stout dislike. Next to enthusiasm for a land or a people there is nothing like a sturdy antipathy to them to unloose the tongue of the observer. These very memoirs of Mrs. Trollope which still have sufficient vitality to justify their republication, live through the vigor of their disenchantment. They may be jaundiced, but they are more revealing of the crudenesses of the American society of her day than a thousand meticulously elaborated treatises that had no vivid emotion behind them. What she describes interests us now because it moved her so profoundly then that it came alive under her pen.

Yet, to go back in conclusion to our ideal chronicler, it is not a Mrs. Trollope, but a Harriet Martineau who has given us the more valuable description of a society. For Miss Martineau, in addition to a lively curiosity and a remarkable intellect, had the will to investigate and the disposition to explain rather than to decry what seemed to her strange or repulsive. And openness to impressions, charity of judgment, and temperateness of mind are the final qualities that make for excellence in the chronicler of travel.

Cataract

(*From a Print by Hiroshige*)

By VIRGINIA MOORE

BACK of the image, the soul of the image stands clear.
Back of the waterfall, water the spendthrift is giving
All of itself in a wild and generous living,
Eager, unreckoning always, and flung without fear.

Hesitant heart, be blue in a watery tissue,
Be as the cataract, liquid and luminous pearl;
Be as the rivers, move softly, surrender, and swirl
Down to the rocks. There are rocks where the cataracts issue.

Closure of lilies, or swamp, or the lowliest fen,
Whether you come to an end that is peaceful or tragic,
This is old wisdom, this is the oldest magic
Water has learned, and the wind, and a handful of men.

This Week

"Mother India." Reviewed by *Norbert Lyons.*

"Bouquet." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"The Pageant of America." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Mornings in Mexico." Reviewed by *Carleton Beals.*

"The Spreading Dawn." Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*

"The Gang." Reviewed by *J. L. Gillin.*

Some Picturesque Biographies. Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

"Silver Cities of Yucatan." A Review.

Hollywood Analyzed. By *Maurice Widdows.*

Next Week, or Later

Word-Makers. By *Joseph Auslander.*

Two Elements in Poetry

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IT is an interesting and esthetically valuable experience for the mind to look back and compare the status of American poetry a dozen years ago with what it is today. I mean its status in the eyes of its practitioners and critics; for poetry in its higher reaches has never and can never appeal to a very wide audience of readers. A dozen years ago, the conflict of poets was all upon the question of free versus academic form; it was this question which brought the Imagists into prominence, created the "new poetry movement," and made poetry a burning topic for discussion in this country. A few poets of the older generation, such as Robinson, Masters, Frost, and Lindsay, stood aloof from this conflict; they have become so comfortably established, that no one now questions their status.

The pioneer of the new movement, the authentic apostle of free verse in the wilderness, was Ezra Pound; his gesture towards liberation of form in "Personæ" and "Ripostes" was taken up and echoed by Amy Lowell, spread itself over the pages of the Imagist anthologies, shook in passing a young traditionalist like Conrad Aiken, and vanished in the flurry and turmoil of the war and of post-war reconstruction. The vitality of the movement has not yet altogether spent itself; there are still capable poets willing to break a lance in the cause of "free verse" here and in England. But during the darkest days of the war, another movement started to declare itself; and this movement is now beginning to reach its apex in America. It takes the innovations of form of the free-verse school more or less for granted; what it quarrels with is fundamentally their attitude towards their art. It begins by challenging the importance of emotion in poetry; it aserts that intellect and not emotion is the true basis of poetic art; and it proposes a return to classicism as the only possible remedy for the common looseness and facility of much present-day poetic art.

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This school, like the Imagists, had its American forerunner established in Europe. While Pound had at the outset inspired the Imagists, the new group have been led forward largely by the genius and example of T. S. Eliot. Students of sociology may find some support for their theories in the fact that the members of the group which organized and carried on the work of the Imagists, as well as those who were influenced by their outlook, were largely Northern and Western in origin, while the later movement appeals mainly to Eastern and Southern writers. The main impulse in the early development of this school of intellectual poetry in America was the publication for a few years shortly after the war of the magazine called the *Fugitive*, by a small group centering about Nashville, Tennessee. This group, whose leading spirits were John Crowe Ransom, Robert Penn Warren, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, has already passed into history. One may see in them the germ of a more general and a more diffused tendency toward intellectualism among poets, a movement which comprises among others, such writers as Mark van Doren, Leonie Adams, Marianne Moore, Laura Riding Gottschalk, and Hart Crane.

The question which these new intellectualists, or perhaps I had better call them "metaphysicals" in

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poetry, raise is one that is fundamental in the practice of all poetic art. How far can poetry be constructed out of purely intellectual subject-matter, and how much depends on the state of feeling of the poet himself? This question obtrudes itself before we can begin to settle the merits or demerits of this or that poet, if, indeed, this matter can ever be settled at all. To take a few instances: how far were such poets as Lucretius, Dante, Milton, and Goethe dependent on a framework of intellectual ideas and theories, and how far did they obey the state of their own feelings? The question is an important one and needs fresh discussion.

It seems to be clear that we cannot feel anything unless we first of all experience it. Even feelings so divorced from what seems normal experience as those of Coleridge and Poe, had to be experienced by Coleridge and Poe before they could be written about. In a society organized, directed, and controlled towards a definite end, certain intellectual concepts become common property of all men and are accepted as the basis of feeling. Thus the notion that life is a time of trial and preparation for the hereafter, is the basis of the medieval faith, or feeling (for feeling cannot exist without faith) that produced Dante's great poem. The notion that life is a series of daring and heroic adventures, cut off by irrational fate, is specifically the basis of much Renaissance work. Even in modern communities notions create their commonly accepted feelings, like the notion prevalent in America, that the possession of money involves a certain prestige among one's fellows. Few residents of the United States escape it, as few residents of Italy in Dante's time escaped the notion of a hereafter of bliss or pain. The point that I am trying to bring out is that any society so far as it is homogeneous and fixed in a certain social order, tends to create certain philosophic axioms for its own guidance, which remain valid as states of feeling until that society transforms itself through political revolution or social upheaval, or contact with external cultures. Thus you may say of the medieval schoolmen that they believed differently, but that the basis of their feeling was the same; and this applies to every stage of culture the world has known, from Australian aborigines to the present day.

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The great artist is the spokesman of those about him, in that he assumes and shares the feelings of the community in which he lives, and balances them with his own personal experience of life. Thus he expresses not solely his "personality," as Mr. T. S. Eliot has very well said, nor his emotions, but something that becomes detached from either, insofar as it belongs solely to the medium of art and adds something to this medium. It has the character of a temporary finality, and yet is not final, for society, like life, changes constantly, and demands fresh application on the part of the artist. Thus, though schools disappear and alter, life and art go on, and the purpose of the artist in every age is to restate on the basis of his human experience the common feelings of his age, expressed in rhythmical form and progression. The degree of intellectuality and the degree of emotionality that he displays in the creation of this form, depend entirely upon whether the society he lives in is in a state of reintegration, or of balanced stability, or of decline.

Among the poets, there can be little doubt that the poet who most strikingly takes on the rôle of intellectualist pure and simple, is Dante. Lucretius possibly alone approaches him, but Lucretius suffers from the fact that his concepts were borrowed from a school which was already decadent, whereas Dante was provided by Thomas Aquinas with a system of philosophy which stood already at its rational zenith. In Dante alone do we find a completely motivated framework underlying every episode, every section of his poem. Yet if we examine the "Divine Comedy" closely, we will find that the main element of all, what might be called the plot-structure, is foreign to the type of mind Aquinas represents, and is based solely on Dante's own feelings and experiences. The introduction of the idealized Beatrice as the chief instigator and guide of the poet on the path of perfection, introduces an element of human experience that is irrational and, in a sense, unlogical. Dante assumes that the influence of one human being on himself was of equal importance to the whole scheme of the universe evolved by scholastic logic; and this assumption is made instinctively, without logical proof, as a means whereby Dante transcends each experience as it presents itself. The result is that Aquinas's theology becomes no more than a framework for a grand poetization of common experience, made concrete by Dante's own peculiar experience. This may be called the structure of space-feeling which the poem possesses. Aquinas's mind as representative of the highest of his time, and Dante's own suffering, meet together and out of them comes an art-form. The element of personal contact symbolized by Beatrice and by those friends whom Dante had known in life, intensifies the poem; the element of scholastic theology borrowed from Aquinas, extends it towards infinity.

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We live in an age which, if not precisely unpoetical, has grown sceptical of all poetry which aims only at an escape from reality. For this reason we are anti-romantic, because we do not believe that our deepest feelings are incommunicable, or that beauty is more than truth, or that to be incoherent is to be artistic, or that perfection is attainable by any other path than by the path of a persistent grapple with reality. Art and science are approaching a clearer understanding, and the development of abstract theory is seen to be only a means of grappling with concrete reality. For this reason there is growing a general feeling among artists that art should be intellectual and rational first, emotional and abstract later. This feeling has not only been fostered by the peculiar situation in which we have been placed by the approach of science towards the frontiers of mysticism, but also by the extraordinary artistic disorder of the period, the later romanticism having broken down into the excesses of art-for-art's-sake, futurism, dadaism, and an all-round proclamation of intellectual bankruptcy.

The movement which a few poets in America and England have fostered of a return to intellectualism, should therefore be encouraged. For to make poetry more metaphysical in subject-matter as well as more exact in concrete detail, is to make it once more the arbiter, not of taste, but of destiny. Whether we consider Mr. Eliot, Mr. Ransom, Mr. Allen Tate, and Mr. Hart Crane as great poets or not, is beside the point; the fact is that they are taking a step in the right direction. Where the Imagists a dozen years ago were, consciously or unconsciously, striving to get back to the Elizabethan dramatic and lyric intensity through the English Romantics and the French Symbolists, these new poets are, consciously or unconsciously, striving to get back to Dante through Milton, Blake, or Donne. Whether this later group will succeed any better than the earlier group succeeded, is a question that only time can settle.

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The charge that is frequently brought against these young poets is that they are obscure; a charge that is not easily rebutted, since in some cases the obscurity seems to be deliberately sought and cultivated. But let us consider for a moment. Every age insofar as it is philosophic in essence, produces a certain amount of poetry that is obscure. There is obscurity in the best minds of the early romantic period: in Blake, for instance, or Coleridge, or Shelley. There is obscurity in Donne, in Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Chapman. There is even obscurity in Dante, notably in the Paradiso. Excess of light frequently dazzles, and produces the effect of darkness. We are all too ready to take the sort of thing with which we are already familiar as clear, forgetting that we overlook the element of strangeness which may be still inherent in it.

The intellectualist movement in poetry which counts among its adherents, as well as the men I have just mentioned, such poets as Herbert Read and the Sitwells in England, Paul Valéry and a host of others in France, is striving towards a new vocabulary to express more clearly the relations of the one and the many, of the inner and outer worlds of memory and matter, of the temporal and eternal phases of being. The English language, among other things, is being modified by the younger poets to express states of consciousness that have not yet been clearly explored. Every poet, every age that produces poetry that will live, has to forge a new instrument for itself. Especially is this true of the English tongue; and the best way in which we can enjoy these young poets is to forget our prejudice in favor of what has been done before, and to take them as explorers of new fields of experience.

A Sex-Ridden Empire

MOTHER INDIA. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.75.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS

INDIA, as Miss Mayo sees it, is a world menace. As means of communication improve and widely separated parts of the world are brought closer together, the danger of the spread of disease from that cesspool of Asia increases. Malaria, cholera, and bubonic plague epidemics may burst forth at any moment from that focus of infection. Thus the backwardness and slowness of India in emerging from her ancient sloth, filth, and superstition constitute a challenge to western civilization. Since this challenge and the facts underlying it have hitherto, for various stated reasons, lacked the necessary publicity, Miss Mayo has undertaken to reveal them to the world in a spirit of service to humanity, just as she spread before her fellow-Americans the true and essential facts regarding the Philippines, in response to the oratorical challenges of the Filipino politicians. Both self-assumed missions have been performed with courage and ability, and at the sacrifice of much time and energy. The material rewards can hardly be expected to be adequate, though both resulting volumes are deserving of a large circle of readers, if only for their high literary quality. At any rate, they entitle Miss Mayo to the distinction of having virtually created a literary *genre* of her own, one which would seem to have a useful field of service before it and which may assume greater significance than is at present realized.

As in her Philippine book, Miss Mayo's chief concern in her volume on India is with the common people; but, of course, her field of investigation and study is much larger and therefore of considerably greater moment. India has an area half as large as that of the United States and a population nearly three times as great; in fact one-fifth of the human race dwells within its borders, so that a pragmatic evaluation of its social and political fundamentals acquires an importance that could not be attached to Miss Mayo's preceding volume.

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Students of race psychology will find much valuable comparative material in the two books. The mental characteristics of the Hindu are shown to be in many respects strikingly similar to those of the Filipino and to lead to similar reactions toward western thought and institutions; but the resistance to occidental influences is much greater in India because that country has back of it many centuries of an ancient quasi-civilization and culture. This ancestral inertia makes the adoption of occidental standards and practices dishearteningly slow, and progress along this line will necessarily be retarded so long as such customs and institutions as Kali worship, child marriage, *suttee*, the sanctification of the cow, and the doctrine of spiritual passivity continue to enjoy popular sanction. Without thought to delicacy of expression or avoidance of unpleasant or unconventional topics, with an eye only to the truth as she actually found it, Miss Mayo depicts the almost unbelievable horrors of everyday Indian life. No government, foreign or native, she concludes, can effect a cure. The remedy must come from within the bodies and souls of the men of India themselves.

Prominent among the reactionary influences in Indian life is the low status of woman in society. From the cradle on, the hapless Indian female is regarded as a mere sexual instrument for the gratification and glorification of the male. Impregnated with the phallic cult through childhood, she is initiated into sexual experience immediately upon reaching puberty, between the ages of eight and fourteen, for "Hindu custom demands that a man have a legitimate son at the earliest possible moment —a son to perform the proper religious ceremonies at and after the death of the father, and to crack the father's skull on the funeral pyre, whereby the spirit is released." This superstition, we are told, lies at the root of child marriage as practiced in India.

Miss Mayo's basic thesis is that the chief cause of all of India's troubles is premature and excessive sexual indulgence, and a large portion of her book is devoted to the establishment of this argument. As she puts the case:

> The whole pyramid of the Indian's woes, material and spiritual—poverty, sickness, ignorance, political minority, melancholy, ineffectiveness, not forgetting the subconscious

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conviction of inferiority which he forever bares and advertises by his gnawing and imaginative alertness for social affronts—rests upon a rock-bottom physical base. This base is, simply, his manner of getting into the world and his sex-life thenceforward.

As one reads the details of an Indian accouchement and learns about the manner in which Indian children are ushered into the world and brought up in it, one marvels that any of them manage to survive infancy. Then comes their early entrance into the conjugal state, with its traditional incontinence, and the wonder still grows that this race of people has not long ago disappeared from the face of the earth. Add to these debilitating factors a general prevalence of venereal disease, an incredibly unhygienic and insanitary mode of living and an inadequate dietary, and the deplorable vital statistics of the Empire appear surprisingly favorable. Miss Mayo attributes the marvellous procreative vitality of the nation to a high degree of immunity acquired by the Indian population through centuries of exposure to these devastating deterrents to racial health and survival.

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One fact stands out clearly in the mass of illustrative and corroborative material presented by Miss Mayo, namely that the influence of British sovereignty in India has been decidedly beneficial, at least in the sense that it has succeeded in arousing a small part of the population to an appreciation of the benefits of western civilization, not to mention the material benefits it has conferred upon the country. We find in Miss Mayo's pages occasional references to individual Indians, men and women, who have voluntarily assumed the task of leading their people out of their hereditary slough of ignorance, superstition, filth, and exploitation to the cleaner level of life afforded by modern science, education, and industry. There is also evidence that the people in the mass are beginning to recognize the beneficent character of the British *raj*, though that recognition is as yet very limited and very scattered. Many a British official, however, is held in high esteem and respect among these people and is able to make slow though effective progress in leading them into the light.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and Mr. Travers Humphreys crossed rhetorical swords some considerable time ago at the London School of Economics over the question: "Is Truth Really Stranger than Fiction?" Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, supporting the affirmative, maintained that when a novelist was presented with remarkable stories from real life, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he could not use them, simply because his readers would consider them so improbable. Novelists had always to keep within the strict bounds of probability. The most unlikely things happened, on the other hand, in actual life; and truth was, therefore, really stranger than fiction. She illustrated her point by describing certain well-known murder cases, in which the criminals had given themselves away by making mistakes which, in a novel, they would never have made. The criminal in fiction had to be a phenomenally clever person who thought of everything. She held that the whole career of the gentleman who made a habit of murdering his brides in their baths would never have been considered a probable one in a novel.

Mr. Travers Humphreys said that he would much rather have had Truth for his client, but he was interested to notice that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, having plumped for Truth, had, womanlike, immediately begun to tell stories. She seemed to revel in murders; but he put it to her that when Lord Byron coined the phrase they were discussing he was far from having murder in his mind. What about the sort of fiction which produced "Alice," "The Hunting of the Snark," and the "Arabian Nights." Surely there were in such works things far stranger than any of Mrs. Lowndes's stories from real life.

The truth was that the best novels were founded on facts taken from real life, but their writers added to these facts that artistry which weaved them into a wonderfully strange creation. Just as a fringe on an ordinary cloak produced a triumph of the modiste's art, so did the artistry of the novelist working on a life story produce a remarkable work of fiction.

"The Horse of Parnassus"

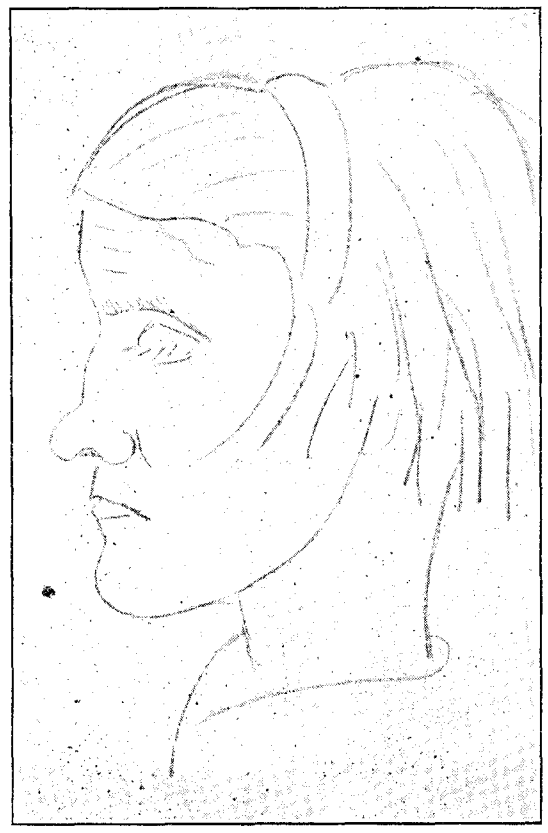
BOUQUET. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

G. B. STERN. . . . What a paradoxical pen-name for a delightful woman! The G, I have not been credibly informed, stands for Gusto, and the B for Badinage. As for Stern, it must not be taken too seriously. Flirt with philology, and read into it the sly, soft twinkling of summer stars.

And, by the way, have you read "The Dark Gentleman"? If you liked that book, you will like this book, too; and if you cared nothing for "The Dark Gentleman," you will care even less for "Bouquet." Only, if thus you are made, I hope I may always elude the boredom of your acquaintance.

Not that "Bouquet" is, in any sense given to the dreadful word by reviewers, an "important" book. By an important book present-day reviewers seem always to mean a self-important book—a book whose very cover is heavily assertive, proclaiming "A lot of serious thinking has gone into me! Knit your brows, please!" But the cover of "Bouquet" is the cheerful green of young vine leaves and looks well on a garden table. It is a book that should



STELLA BENSON
A cartoon by Witter Bynner

perhaps be read in a cool corner of a mosquitoless garden on a rather warm August afternoon.

What it chiefly tells about is wine, good wine, and the appreciative drinking of it. It is perfumed throughout with such magical names as *Châteauneuf du Pape, Vouvray, Romainée-Conti. . . . "Helas!"* (I am quoting from Racine). Ah, would that it might be made prescribed reading for every member of the Anti-Saloon League of my native land! It would be so salutary for them to learn that not all drinking is done for the single-hearted purpose of getting drunk. Nor is a preference for well-cooked food necessarily a symptom of a bestial nature. It is possible to poetize, even to intellectualize, the purely sensuous pleasures of the table. True, it is also possible to regard them too exclusively and to become a little tiresome about them. This danger, however, Miss Stern most tactfully avoids. It is not, happily, in her nature to become tiresome about anything.

Four amusing friends get into an automobile and have a charming holiday in southern and central France. Happy-go-lucky butterflies, they flit from famous vineyard to famous vineyard and sip as they pass. They have (I am quoting several young persons of my acquaintance) a perfectly gorgeous time. And now, thanks to the high talent of Miss Stern, we may share it with them. One holiday, at least, has been saved from oblivion.

Yet (pedants, attend!) this book is not without its solid core of scholarship, of exact knowledge. Though "Bacchus is the hero of this book," it is not without its soberer message, as witness its statistical summation:

The white Hermitage of 1874, of course, and both the red and white Hermitages of 1906, and the Châteauneuf du Pape, white and red, which they had given us at the Restaurant Bellevue. And the Château Grillet 1874; and of the Bordeaux, alas, only Château Ausone, and that was a Bordeaux Saint-Émilion, not a Médoc. And Vouvray, Château Moncontour. And Pouilly-sur-Loire 1906. And the Chablis du Clos 1919, which we had drunk at Beaune. And Romanée-Conti 1919. No others were included in this final summing-up, for these were the patricians among wines, the kings and queens and ladies of quality.

But what Greek it all must seem to a coarsely synthetic generation!

Pictorial History of America

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. Volume 8: Builders of the Republic. By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG. Volume 12: The American Spirit in Art. By FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR., CHARLES RUFUS MOREY, and WILLIAM JAMES HENDERSON. Edited by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL and Others. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THESE two additions to the pictorial history of America which the Yale University Press is publishing in instalments enable us to gauge a little more fully the merits and limitations of the enterprise. None of the previous volumes surpasses these in interest. Mr. Ogg's rather vague title covers a political history of the colonies and the United States from the landing at Jamestown to the firing on Fort Sumter. It would seem that these two and a half centuries might well have received two volumes rather than one; the editors are under the necessity of compressing into about three hundred pages portraits of statesmen and politicians, facsimiles of state papers, broadsheets, and cartoons, and pictures of political events, covering an enormous body of facts. There was perhaps room for a volume on colonial and Revolutionary politics, and another on national politics to or through the Civil War. The three writers on sculpture, painting, and the graphic arts, and music have more elbow space, for the artistic history of the United States was of no great distinction until after the Civil War.

Dr. Ogg's narrative is succinct, well-proportioned, and accurate. He has no space for questions of controversial detail; indeed, at times he has to be a little hurried in treating even the main outlines of the record, and such figures as J. Q. Adams are perhaps unavoidably slighted. But he displays an excellent judicial sense in dealing with such difficult subjects as the causes of the Revolution, the emergence of Jacksonian democracy, and the Mexican War; and particularly commendable, in a book of this nature, is his skill in focussing attention upon salient personalities. Portraits necessarily compose the largest single group of illustrations, from John Winthrop and Sir Edmund Andros down to Breckinridge, Bell, Lincoln, Everett, Rhett, Crittenden, and other conspicuous figures of 1860-1861; and Dr. Ogg assists the illustrations in making many of these personages seem alive and real. Washington and Franklin receive separate chapters. The chief criticism to be levelled against Dr. Ogg's work is that it is regrettably careless in style. Repetitions, loose constructions, and colloquialisms abound. But the management of the illustrations, and the energy shown in seeking out unknown or little known portraits, long-buried cartoons, and the best pictures from such late contemporary sources as *Harper's Weekly*, are admirable. Frequently the pace is a bit too hurried. But over these 740 items of material, for that many have been collected, every reader with any genuine interest in American history must hang with delight.

It is impossible to feel a thrill of patriotic pride over a great deal of the early painting and sculpture reproduced in "The American Spirit in Art." Such painters as Trumbull, Dunlap, and Allston, such sculptors as Powers, Greenough, and Crawford, with their immediate successors, are far from impressive. As for early music, it was simply nonexistent. All the more difficult was the task of the three contributors; a task of distinguishing clearly between mediocrity and genuine talent or genius, and yet assigning due historical importance to the figures of the first immature and groping periods. All three writers succeed in making their treatments popular without ever ceasing to be expert or fairly adequate. Mr. Morey's section is brief and he is under the necessity of making it rather a catalogue of prominent names than a discussion of dominant tendencies; but if this disability be allowed for, his

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treatment is first rate. Mr. Mather writes, as always, with style, with sureness of touch, and with a vein of poetic insight which befits the subject. In one field, that of book and magazine illustration, American work takes a high rank as compared even with European, and the editors have rightly allowed this department a generous amount of space; Mr. Mather's essay is an excellent appreciation of the achievement of the best men from Darley to Rockwell Kent. In music there is properly a good deal of attention to the social aspects of the subject—opera in New York and New Orleans, choral societies in the German-American West, and so on. The six hundred and more illustrations cover the field as well as could be expected. Paintings cannot be reproduced to perfect satisfaction in black and white, but the Press has made the best use possible of its tools.

Dr. Gabriel, whose introductions furnish a philosophical background to the subjects treated, and an attempt at a link among the different volumes, is to be congratulated—with his fellow editors—upon the progress of the work. It deserves a really popular sale. Many persons whose interest in American history is restricted to one field must wish that the volumes had been bound in a format which would make possible their acquisition as quite separate works.

The Divine Tourist

MORNINGS IN MEXICO. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Carleton Beals
Author of "Brimstone and Chili"

THESE eight casual essays are probably, in part, the slender obsidian splinters from the cutting and polishing Mr. Lawrence gave to the "Plumed Serpent." As in the previous volume, Mexico serves as grit in the peas of his boundless irritation, an irritation lurking even in the affected geniality of "Corsamin and the Parrots," more fanged in the "Walk to Huayapa." Lawrence, in spite of his brilliant, unsurpassable etching of physical realism is, in these essays, too often like Chirac of the "Old Wives' Tale," whom Sophia thought so queer because he went to a guillotining in order to observe himself. Similarly Lawrence went to Mexico. In the end Chirac symbolically vanishes from the scene in a balloon—in Lawrence's case the balloon of too easy cogitations on the final mystery. This quality of irritation threads persistently through Lawrence's writing, two colored strands twisted from an ambivalent conflict between love of art and of sexual expression. The author has a sullen bafflement which is a highly patterned scorpion-emotion that first stings him into cataclysmic glimpses of the inner Mexico, then turning back, poisons the tail of Lawrence's own soul—sometimes into rather Blake-like convulsions, again into a Santa Fina *dementia praecox*. This partially accounts for the fire-tipped contradictions strewn along the tangled byways of the "Plumed Serpent," accounts for both the splendor and the limitations of most of the Englishman's output, which has become increasingly turbid, yet in the rapids of inspiration, more sporadically grandiose, ever since the pellucid prose and crystalline beauty of "Sons and Lovers." At times this baffled irritation creates an emotional frenzy which strikes a blazing sword into the heart of the human mystery; yet in his "Plumed Serpent" the resultant interpretative contradictions were obviously glowing facets of some deeper fire of mystery he did not capture, which his very irritation, so sharply visual, could not permit him the patience to explore.

Part of the trouble, D. H. Lawrence has never been at ease with himself, his wife, human beings, or the universe—quite as it should be, if he would be sportsman enough to conceal the fact. Far worse: he insists on being Jove, but grows angry at fooling neither himself nor his public; and something happens to his glandular secretions, when, affecting to nod he shakes the universe, and the ultimate clue fails to sift out of the quake. Hence his constant fury, trying to tear out the Inner Secret; after all, he is not so remote from the impulses prompting the Aztec sacrifices—save that the ancients wisely contented themselves with symbolism. Lawrence's emotional process, his incandescent bafflement, suggests yet never quite grasps the hidden significance sheathed in physical exteriors; rather it hustles us over the cliffs of defeat breathlessly, confusedly, hatefully. The irritation-process might be a fine-rowelled spur to drive Pegasus into the dawn; but whereas the old-time poet bored us with his exhortatory prologues to the Muses, Lawrence flagellates his bleeding soul through paragraph after paragraph till the last gasp—and most of his readers lack the divine relish for such egotistic humility.

And thus Lawrence, in the Mexican scene, remains, as perhaps he should, an alien, concerned with far-off celestial scrimmages, gleaning spiritual *recuerdos* like a sublimated tourist. A tourist from the wide places, a most glorious tourist, but always looking "from my window *au troisième*," writing on an onyx table in a mud house, always a bit aloof, unable to mingle. He is one of these forceful but turgid intelligences which would consider a complementary and understandable Mexico a positive affront. Hence he declares that "it is almost impossible for the white people to approach the Indian without either sentimentality or dislike"—dislike on the part of the healthy, vulgar, rotten-egg sentimentality on the part of the high-brows. Laughably enough, Lawrence combines both sentimentality and dislike in his own approach. What is more sentimental than shrouding Indian life and consciousness in menacing fear and sharp-bladed mystery, in a silence that is "heavy, furtive, secretive"? Does not his dislike squirm like a dark reptile through every turn of phrase?

Lawrence simply does not know the Indian, though he feels him, feels him as something dark and ominous, and not of our ways, remote as the planets, of another dimension, another period of creation. Lawrence clutches at the native psychic flux in a paroxysm of distrust. He makes of the Indian an image of his own gruesomely brooding soul,—no wonder the Indian becomes a frightening enigma! The Indian, more than any other people, has to be penetrated through effort, and until that effort has been made—which Lawrence does not—it is fatuous to talk about the covert mystery of an incomprehensible race. No people is so capable of assuming a hushed, deferential, dignifiedly ignorant pose as is the Indian; but use the key of courtesy and natural equality, and no race is so extravagantly hospitable, receptive, adaptable. Mr. Lawrence does not sit down to get hilarious on pulque, make love to their women, talk of crops and taxes and babies and the dread owl hooting over the roof-trees. Hence he knows nothing of the deep soil-wise semi-tragic humor of the Mexican peasants.

* * *

Lawrence is at his best as a *paesista*—as a Velásquez twisted by an El Greco astigmatism. In such writing the physical object and its poetical implications sweep him whole-heartedly from his morbidity and soul-sickness into a dithyrambic prose-poetry as consummate as anything in the English language. Such electric description throbs through the "Dance of the Sprouting Corn," where the rhythm and sound and metaphysical implications of flying turn and wheel, dip and stamp are caught up in perfect pattern, in the long-linked echoes of perfect writing which "swoops up the ladders of the sunbeam right to the stars." Here, and to a lesser degree in "The Hopi Snake Dance," we behold the living ground-swell of animism, of the reciprocity between Indian and the corn *milpa* and all the powers of nature. We grasp all the essential poetry of the village isolation which the rushing machine-age has crushed from our lives, and which we Americans must somehow rediscover in new form if we are ever to be half as worth while as an Indian squatting under his *ramada*.

But the Indian functioning as a human being, is hid in Lawrence's stormy determination to create a racial enigma. For the homelier beauties of Indian life he wears blinders and races past in incomprehensible fear. Hence Lawrence remains a super-tourist, a star-studded concession-hunter, a kodaker of spiritual knicknacks. Yet when all is said and done, and for all of his aloof English conviction of being the *dernier cri* of the Creator, half a dozen sentences alone ring down to the depths and echo back to the heights and reveal that if the author has missed the homely intimacies of the living peasant under the open sky, he has caught intuitively more of the majestic relation between the Indian and the universe and modern civilization, more true understanding of the real Mexico than Mr. X. Pinchbeck, thirty years banker in the American colony, will ever possess. Even the rôle of tourist is sometimes preferable and honorable.

Translation From Life

THE SPREADING DAWN: Stories of the Great Translation. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Robert B. Macdougall

THE reader and the writer of this review will soon enough find out the answer to the problem that inspired Basil King to write these six short stories. In the meantime we can profitably sit with that gentleman—merely his good name in literature would at any time assure him respectful attention—and listen to his solution. It will be a solution foreign to many of his readers, for the calm and the meditation of the Orient are upon it, and it lies far from the paraphernalia of our workaday world. In brief, and hesitatingly summarized by a layman, Basil King's conception of the distinction between life and death is as follows: there is no change, but only an increasing acceptance of truth; we make no abrupt entry into a white-robed chorus of praise before the Throne of God, but rather we are gradually absorbed by a radiance, where space and time do not exist, but where knowledge, combined with harmonious remnants of individuality and volition, makes for eternal joy. The Great Verity of which we have always been a part at last claims us wholly, and we see no longer darkly.

The above suggestion of Basil King's thought is sadly incomplete and unconvincing, but it will have served its purpose if it indicates the direction in which that thought is traveling. As we read these six stories we get a continuously clearer idea of what the author is trying to tell us. We may dismiss it as so much humbug, so much purely speculative discussion of matters essentially inscrutable, so much wishful thinking—but when we have so cavalierly brushed it aside we shall be the losers. For the problem is universal, and this tentative, modestly suggested solution is capable of giving any reader a genuine mental jolt. The discussion cannot give offense to anyone but the most assured dogmatist. Basil King is not unfamiliar with the implications of modern science; he does not neglect Christianity, nor does he cleave to it to the abuse of his vision. The exposition is adroit, testifying to years of patient thought and to an intellectual equipment of distinctive excellence.

There is substantial literary value in the volume. Brushing aside the speculative aspect of the title story, we unhesitatingly recommend it as first-class fiction. It tells of a splendidly ruthless woman, Cornelia Vanderpyl, a survivor of the old New York, who finds herself dying unloved and unwanted. Her transition to spiritual form is attended by a logical development of character and by a thoroughly believable sequence of earthly events. It is a story in every way worth reading. Second best is the last narrative of the six, "The Last Enemy." Here we have a delicate subject treated with subtle skill. The story is told by a Roman boy who is often near Jesus during the days preceding the crucifixion, and who sees by chance the actual rising from the dead. A wealth of sympathetic vividness embellishes the essential simplicity of this story; it cannot be forgotten, once it has been read. The other four narratives are less arresting. Only one, "Abraham's Bosom," approaches dulness. We always feel that Basil King knows what he is about and that he has more than enough power to accomplish his designs.

Although "The Spreading Dawn" could never be classed as light fiction, it need not be looked at askance on account of an imagined severity or overseriousness. It should be welcomed by a substantial number of readers, chiefly for its intelligent honesty in discussing immorality, but hardly less for its undeniable qualities as pure literature.

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Human Ecology

THE GANG. By FREDERICK M. THRASHER. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by J. L. GILLIN
University of Wisconsin

THIS book is the result of a field study of 1313 gangs of boys and youths in Chicago. The study is divided into four parts: I. The Natural History of the Gang; II. Life in the Gang; III. Organization and Control in the Gang; and IV. The Gang Problem. Speaking in broad and general terms it is a study of the gang and its physical environment. The author attempted to apply to the study of the gang what has come to be known as Human Ecology, a term borrowed from the natural sciences and applied to the study of human groups in relation to their physical and social environment. Human Ecology differs from the anthropogeographic study of man, represented by such scholars as Buckle, Semple, Ratzel, and Huntington, in that it attempts to relate man's physical and social surroundings to his group processes and results in a narrower and more specific way. In this study Ecology has been used to show that the gang springs up only in what the author, borrowing from Park and Burgess, his teachers, called the "interstitial areas" of the city. What the author means by "interstitial" is best told in his own words:

> The gang is almost invariably characteristic of regions that are interstitial to the more settled, more stable, and better organized portions of the city. The central tripartite empire of the gang occupies what is often called "the poverty belt"—a region characterized by deteriorating neighborhoods, shifting populations, and the mobility and disorganization of the slum. Abandoned by those seeking homes in the better residential districts, encroached upon by business and industry, this zone is a distinctly interstitial phase of the city's growth It is to a large extent isolated from the wider culture of the larger community by the processes of competition and conflict which have resulted in the selection of its population. Gangland is a phenomenon of human ecology. As better residential districts recede before the encroachments of business and industry, the gang develops as one manifestation of the economic, moral, and cultural frontier which marks the interstice.

Happily the major part of the study is devoted to the social activities and processes of the gang. More important than the physical surroundings are the social surroundings of the adolescent seeking new experience, the differences of race, sex, and age, the economic and social disintegration of old-world ideals and conduct patterns consequent on the struggle for existence of their families in a new-world economic, political, and social environment, and the lack of organization for wholesome development in a great metropolitan city. The author's study shows what happens to growing boys and girls when the parents are so occupied with the struggle to make a living that they do not have time to devote to the training of the children. What happens when children are left to their own devices in a social situation in which the community furnishes no constructive direction; and what appears when such children organize their own activities in response to their elemental needs of food, play, companionship, and social prestige is clearly shown in this study.

The neighborhood play group is one of the primary social groups, that is a group formed by face-to-face contacts, which Professor Cooley has pointed out as primary both in origin and in effectiveness. In such groups are fashioned the social ideals and loyalties which affect most profoundly the individual. In this study we see thirteen hundred such groups in action. These cases illustrate how with the separation of the primary group, the family, from such another primary group, the play group, the gang usurps its function in the life of boys and girls. Even at the best the family suffers from the disadvantage of the danger of a natural antagonism between age and youth. The adult must have imagination and sympathy to develop the loyalty of children. He labors under the disadvantage of having left far behind him the feelings, yearnings, and desires of childhood and adolescence. On the other hand leadership in a gang operates on a level of age and experience with the members. Gang leadership has to make no serious stretch of imagination to understand the ideals and aspirations of the gang members. All alike, leaders and followers, have suffered from adult indifference, and repression. Hence in the words of our author, "The gang may be regarded as an interstitial element in the framework of society." It fills the interstice between the dependent relationships of infancy and the adjustment into the normal business, social, and family relationships of adult life.

This study throws light on what happens to gangs. In following out the development of many of these groups the author points out that some disintegrate with the attachment of individuals to new relationships, such as boys' clubs, marriage, business activities. Others develop into political organizations, exploited by the ward bosses for their own purposes. Still others become "gangsters," groups of predacious criminals, living off the respectable members of society. The inference is suggested that what happens depends on how the decent members of society treat them. Unless the honest people interest themselves in the organization of adolescents for wholesome purposes, undirected gangs in the "interstitial areas" will be exploited by conscienceless political grafters, or will develop into criminal gangs.

The author has avoided the old pitfalls of students of the gang. Here there is no twaddle about the members engaging in gang activities in response to a reversion to the gang's activities; the boy, thanks be, is not made to climb the tree of race history, in order to explain why he behaves as he does. No atavism here, but straight sociological presentation of objective facts.

One minor defect of the book, often found in the products of students but recently arrived at the Ph.D. status is the unmistakable marks of discipleship. This is intended as no criticism. It is a frequent occurrence. The comment is made only to explain the mould into which the rich fund of facts has been cast. The writer has not yet entirely emancipated himself. Time, however, may cure that.

The book fails to take account of any of the factors in the formation and development of gangs other than the physical surroundings and the social relationships. Why is there no mention of the economic situation of these adolescents and their families? Ecology is important, perhaps, but what about economics? May not the economic situation in which these children find themselves be as important as railroad yards, deteriorating buildings, and canal banks? Furthermore why so little mention of the psychological conditions? Were there no psychological deviates among the membership of these 1,313 gangs? One would never guess from this study that such a thing as psychiatry has been heard of. It may be replied that this is a sociological study. Certainly the sociological cannot ignore the results of economic factors. If Ecology is important why not give more emphasis to Economics and Psychology? The only mention I find of the play of the psychological factor is in the chapter on "Personality and Action Pattern." Here is a brief mention of attempts at compensation for physical disabilities and one short paragraph on the "goat" of the gang.

> Every gang usually has its "goat." He is a boy who is considered uncommonly "dumb"; he may be subnormal, as measured by psychological tests; and he can usually be depended upon to get caught if anybody does. Boys of this type are sometimes known as "goofy guys," if they combine some special peculiarity with their dumbness. Inexperienced boys are often used as "cat's-paws" in the exploits of the gang.

So far as can be judged by the book itself the author is not acquainted with a book which does take account of the newer psychology in dealing with problem children, Drucker & Hexter's, "Children Astray."

A more serious defect is the comparative absence of quantitative treatment of the questions raised. I find quantitative data supplied on the races and nationalities of 880 gangs of Chicago; on 396 gangs composed of a single nationality; on 855 negro, foreign, and American gangs; on the approximate membership of 895 gangs; a table of the number of times delinquent boys appeared in the Juvenile Court of Cook County from 1916 to 1924 taken from annual reports of the Cook County Juvenile Court; a table showing the delinquent activities of 1,313 Chicago gangs; a table showing the number and offenses of delinquent boys brought into the Cook County Juvenile Court from 1916 to 1924, again taken from reports, and a table showing the cases filed in the Boys' Court of Chicago since 1914. The tables are helpful so far as they go, especially those bearing on gangs, but so many questions which we should like to have answered by statistics are unanswered. How much it would have helped scientifically had gang membership been correlated with occupation of father, income of family, housing conditions, mothers working outside home, and retardation in school. As indicated before we should like to see a correlation of gang membership with mental age. Surely this would not have been impossible with the records of the Juvenile Research Bureau in Chicago and mental tests being made in the schools. As a descriptive study of gang-processes the book is a success. As a quantitative study it leaves much to be desired.

On the whole the book is one of the most worth while in recent descriptive sociological literature. It is one of a growing list of studies of specific aspects of social life on which depends the building of a science of society. It was only as such definite fragments of the physical universe as light, heat, electricity, the atom and the electron were subjected to intensive, carefully controlled, and measured study that the science of physics became possible. Only as the sociologists attack manageable aspects of the sociological field with better controlled technique and quantitative measurements will a science of society become a reality. Before that can be done such descriptive studies as this must furnish the raw material.

Quick on the Draw

SONS OF THE EAGLE. By GEORGE CREEL. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1927. $3.50.

CASPAR COLLINS. By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING. New York: Columbia University Press. 1927. $2.75.

RIATA AND SPURS. By CHARLES A. SIRINGO. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $3.

WILD BILL HICKOK. By FRANK J. WILSTACH. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1926. $2.50.

TRIGGER FINGERS. By OWEN P. WHITE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926.

ANNIE OAKLEY. By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER. New York: Duffield & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE revival in biography—and autobiography—concerning remarkable and picturesque figures of the Old West is a tendency in modern American writing that seems to me admirable. The books now before me chiefly concern Indian fighters, cowboys, outlaws, sheriffs, and marshalls,—not forgetting the world's greatest woman rifle shot. Mr. Creel's volume, to be sure, is a series of condensed biographies of far wider range, from Hernando de Soto and Roger Williams down to Rutherford B. Hayes; but he seems to me to fit into this group because he deals also with such worthies as Daniel Boone, Sam Houston, Kit Carson, and Custer, and because heroism and daring, both physical and moral, are celebrated in these historical sketches.

In the book on Caspar Wever Collins, we have Collins's own letters of the 'sixties, and his own drawings of the time. "Charlie" Siringo's is straight autobiography. Wild Bill Hickok and Annie Oakley are treated of by specially qualified biographers. Owen P. White's "Trigger Fingers" is a series of flashlight portraits of the most famous gun-toters of the old West. Recently we have had Walter Noble Burns's remarkable biography of "Billy the Kid" who enters into at least two of the present books as a thrilling character. We have had Robertus Love's "Jesse James." We have had a large part of John G. Neihardt's Western epic in which spirited narrative verse treats of the Ashley-Henry days and the Indian wars on the plains. And even more recently a Westerner named Stanley Vestal has made ringing ballads of the West of Kit Carson and the Santa Fé Trail. Thorp's collection of "Songs of the Cowboys," the cowboy stories of Andy Adams, and a number of authentic Western novels have been additions to a province of literature rapidly growing. For more and more we are beginning to realize the resources and the richness of the historical material latent in that great stretch of diversified country from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, and in the romantic Southwest.

As Mr. Creel goes farthest back into our history

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with his dramatic highlights, I shall let his book serve as an introduction. He writes graphically and sketches a series of national figures with which every schoolboy, and every adult, who desires to know what the spirit of America really means should be familiar. The author's nervous and headlong style brings out full dramatic values and his sympathy for independent thinking and courage of conscience makes his narratives glow. We see Don Hernando de Soto as the greatest-souled of the Spanish conquerors who yet missed his opportunity with all America in his grasp. We witness the noble Roger Williams's fight for justice against the Puritans, see Nathaniel Bacon's fiery rebellions, follow Boone through strife and captivity to the saving of the West for America, hear Patrick Henry thunder for freedom, and accompany Washington on his course as "the Unhappy Warrior" (an especially shrewd and true name for him). As varied histories as those of Alexander Hamilton, Decatur, Lewis and Clark, Fulton, "Old Hickory," and Simon Bolivar are set before us, with pungent historical detail. And then we come to that Playboy of the Plains, Sam Houston, once President of the Republic of Texas, who finally was elected Governor of the Lone Star State on an anti-secession platform and was deposed when Texas unanimously followed Jeff Davis. The time of the Mexican War makes memories of Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, and they are here. The daring Fremont, "The Incredible Kit Carson" play their parts in the epic of the West. The Mormons have a chapter. As to the Civil War, Lincoln and Grant and the daring Confederate leader Forrest are mustered forth. The end of the Old World's dream of empire in the New is illustrated by the story of Maximilian in Mexico. The tale of Andrew Johnson's savage courage, of "the man who followed his hates" is a grim chapter. Then, with the narratives of Custer and Ben Holliday of the stage lines, who fought the railroad's completion stubbornly yet later planted the seed of the Northern Pacific, we come to the last stand of the plains Indians and to the end of the old West. Here we must end, omitting the study of Hayes, for here we turn to the material in the other books before us.

* * *

In the first two chapters of Miss Spring's book, with her recapitulation concerning the Overland trail, the organization of stage and telegraph lines and the pony express, we naturally meet again with Lewis and Clark, Ashley, and Ben Holliday who reorganized the stage line and freighting outfits of Russell, Majors, and Waddell upon their business failure, only to have his own stage system raided by the Shoshones in 'sixty-two. Caspar Wever Collins, born in 'forty-four in Ohio, had a father who offered a battalion to the Government in 'sixty-two. The offer was accepted. Caspar accompanied his father to Benton Barracks, Missouri. Ben Holliday's disaster was bound up with the younger Collins's beginnings, for, owing to the situation on the Overland trail, the Ohio regiment was now ordered across the plains to Fort Laramie to protect mail and telegraph lines, instead of going to fight the Confederates.

Thus began Caspar's life on the plains. At South Pass he stayed with Captain Hays's company. He went with his Colonel father and the great guide and frontiersman, Jim Bridger, to Green River. He came to know the Indians and to talk the sign language. The Overland Mail Company soon removed to a southern route. There was Indian fighting in the Fort Laramie country and terrible blizzards prevailed in the winter. In 1863 Caspar returned to Ohio with his Father who was to recruit more men. Caspar enlisted at that time and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in June, becoming a member of the Ohio Volunteer Cavalry. He had formerly been clerk and map-maker for his father. Sixty-four was a year of great Indian depredations. The fight at Mud Springs was the last victorious exploit of Colonel Collins. In sixty-five he was honorably mustered out, his term of service having expired, and took up the law again. As for Caspar, his company guarded more than 150 miles of Pacific Telegraph Line from March of this year to September, and had thirteen engagements with the savages. It was at the Platte Bridge fight that the gay and brave boy lieutenant met his death. Going with twenty-five men to relieve and bring in a wagon train he mounted a horse that proved unmanageable under fire. The Indians were about fifteen hundred strong, Cheyennes and Sioux. Caspar was rescuing a wounded soldier when his horse whirled and carried him, revolvers drawn, into the horde of Indians. Two days later his body was found terrily mutilated. His letters, illustrated with his drawings, together with a report and memorandum or two by his father, are full of interesting description. In many ways they paint vividly the Wyoming of the time. Mrs. Spring's own narrative, though in general almost as dry as a government report, serves as a solid background for the personality of this courageous and talented youth.

* * *

Charles A. Siringo was born eleven years later than Caspar Collins but was a cowboy at the age of twelve. Later he knew many of the famous gunmen of his time, and travelled all through the cattle and mining country of the 'seventies and 'eighties. Siringo, still living, is a Texan born. His is a notable human document and the kind of personal story invaluable to the historian. It is remarkable in its frankness and is written with the man's own natural narrative ability, with the simply expressive phrase which is often so much more forceful than "literary style." There was something happening every minute of forty years to "Charlie" Siringo, and he makes the tale of it intensely graphic. Early in his career he broke wild ponies for $2.50 a head. "Some day I would ride as high as five head." He took his first trip up the old Chisholm Trail in '76, driving a herd and meeting Indians; he caught a band of Mexican thieves and roped his first buffalo; he ran across Clay Allison the man-killer in "the toughest town on earth," Dodge City, Kansas; at the LX ranch in the Texas Panhandle, when working for Mr. Beals, he first met "Billy the Kid." Ranch life and cow towns and getting herds to Chicago are vividly described. Siringo has a great deal of first-hand information to disclose concerning the pursuit and capture of Billy the Kid and his gang and the Kid's escape and death; he also touches upon the death of Sam Bass who, he says, "was the hero of more young Texas cowboys than any other 'bad' man." Siringo settled as a merchant in Kansas, married and "swore off" being a cowboy; he tells of the grand rush for free homes in Oklahoma. Then he became a detective, joined Pinkerton's. He was present at the Haymarket anarchist trials; he broke up a gang of ore thieves; ran down dynamiters in Nevada; he even later went sleuthing in Alaska. In '99 he trailed the Kid Curry gang who had robbed the Union Pacific; he spent much work on train hold-ups and was bodyguard to McParland when the latter was gathering evidence against the Western Federation of Miners in Idaho. It was through Siringo's information that Pettibone, Moyer, and Haywood, and, incidentally, Clarence Darrow, escaped hanging by a Boise mob after the former had been acquitted at their trial. After the dynamite cases ended Siringo resigned from Pinkerton's. He went to Santa Fé, in August, 1907, to live on his ranch. But almost immediately he was called back to Denver to look into a case of cattle theft. Again, he went out against some "high-graders." It was in 1922, after being severely ill with pleurisy that he decided to repair to San Diego, and finally settled down in Hollywood. Siringo's story is distinctly "the real thing." There is material in it that could be developed into dozens of super-dime-novels; yet it is all merely factual.

"Wild Bill" Hickok, next to "Buffalo Bill," was probably the most picturesque figure on the old frontier, a famous gun-fighter and peace officer, not an outlaw. Mr. Wilstach does not tell his story with nearly the literary ability Walter Noble Burns brought to his "Saga of Billy the Kid," but he examines his life thoroughly and tries to clear up some debatable points. Hickok was the son of a Presbyterian deacon and born in the East. He was first a towpath driver on the Illinois and Michigan canal. He went off to St. Louis alone, became a Kansas Red Leg, later became an Overland Stage driver, and fought ruffians and Indians in early manhood. As to his famous battle with the McCanles gang of horse-thieves Mr. Wilstach first thoroughly separates truth from clustering myth. He tells of his war-time adventures, of his bowie knife duel with Conquering Bear, goes thoroughly into the famous duel with Dave Tutt, and describes vividly Wild Bill's marshalship in Hays City and Abilene. In 1870 Hickok gathered together some Comanche Indians and six wild buffalo and left Omaha for Niagara Falls. He had started his Wild West Show. He had to sell the buffalo to be able to return to Kansas City! Wild Bill was certainly the most remarkable shot the West ever saw. His exploits were almost fabulous; but Mr. Wilstach probes to the truth about them. In 1873 Buffalo Bill lured Wild Bill to the footlights in New York. Ned Buntline was their playwright. After his thespian experience Hickok returned to the West, to Cheyenne. He married a Mrs. Lake, a famous equestrienne in her time. He then went to visit the new gold fields in the Black Hills; got to Deadwood, S. D., with Colorado Charlie Utter; and was there murdered by Jack McCall. Mr. Wilstach spikes the canard that Calamity Jane was ever Wild Bill's sweetheart.

In "Trigger Fingers" Owen P. White gives us a wealth of portraits of other famous gun-fighters, though none of them have the greatness of Wild Bill. He treats of Wild Bill himself in his last sketch. He gives a slightly different version of the "McCandless" affair (as he spells it) from that of Mr. Wilstach. Through his book he also calls the roll of Kirker, Clay Allison, Stoudenmire, John Wesley Hardin, Selman, Gillett, Sam Bass, the immortal Billy the Kid and Bill Longley. He refers to rumors that (strangely enough!) despite all evidence—there is a claim that Billy the Kid was never really killed nor, indeed, Longley truly hanged! Mr. White's portraits are excellent adjuncts to any Wild Western library. He writes with vigor.

And last we come to Annie Oakley. Wild Bill was, as Mr. Wilstach calls him, "the Prince of Pistoleers," but Annie Oakley was as certainly the queen of women rifle shots. Her name is known to everyone who ever saw (or even saw the posters of) Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Sitting Bull christened her "Little Sure Shot." She was born in Ohio in 1866. Her father died in a blizzard; stark poverty came. The child, Annie, began shooting and trapping to aid in the bare sustenance of the family. Later she became a sort of slave to some people from whose adoption of her she had expected kindness. Hers was a youth of genuine and stark melodrama. But her opportunity came when a hotel-keeper backed her in a shooting contest in Cincinnati against the then famous fire-arms expert Frank E. Butler. She outshot Butler, soon married him, and thus began her long life of exhibition shooting, on the stage, in the circus, with Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Mr. Cooper tells her full story with all its fascinating episodes; the acclaim of her abroad, the train-wreck in later life that was thought to have ended her career as a markswoman, the retirement at Pinehurst, N. C., as rifle instructress, after her Wild West days were over; the still later automobile accident which seemed to have permanently crippled her, and her wonderful "come-back" even then, when over sixty, as a perfect shot. Annie Oakley never lost her marvelous ability. And she and Frank Butler preserved their no less remarkable devotion to each other to the very end. Mr. Cooper has made a moving story of this biography, as well as rendering an account of exploits of marksmanship well nigh fabulous. "Little Missy" came in the aftermath of the West. Naturally, she never shot to kill. But her skill with the rifle caused the old Sitting Bull to adopt her as a daughter of the Sioux, and she could outshoot anyone, woman or man, with whom she ever came in contact. As for character, she seems to have been nothing *but* character and courage, through all viciscitudes, clear to the end.

What is the biggest single book one sees in the bookshops? asks the Publishers' Weekly, and answers:

"If a prize was offered for the correct answer from shop customers, the guesses would, in all probability, centre on Webster's or the Standard Dictionaries, the large atlases, the city directory, a one-volume Shakespeare, or the U. S. Catalogue.

"As a matter of fact, the heftiest volume of them all is 'seen' in bookshops, but is not 'for sale' as other books are. The winning tome would be what is sometimes known in the trade as the Green Pig, a huge annual volume in which is bound up the price lists of all publishers, which for years has been the most frequently used reference book in bookstores and public libraries everywhere. This giant tome is fully nine inches thick, weighs about twenty pounds and contains publishers' complete catalogues that number a total of more than 6,500 pages. The correct name is the 'Publishers' Trade List Annual' and has had undisputed sway in the trade ever since grandpa was a kid."

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Land of the Chicle

SILVER CITIES OF YUCATAN. By GREGORY MASON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $3.50.

"AMERICAN archaeology," Dr. Herbert Spinden is quoted as saying, "is founded on chewing gum." The growth of the chicle industry, that is to say, has brought foreigners into Yucatan and the adjacent jungles in which the remains of the Maya civilization are hidden; has won over, somewhat, the suspicious Indians, and made possible exploration which scientists, working by themselves, could scarcely have carried through.

"The insistent demand for chewing gum among the children and salesladies of the United States," Dr. Spinden remarks in his preface to Mr. Mason's narrative of their recent work together, "has brought about a benevolent penetration into Quintana Reo of hand mirrors, glass pearls, and alcohol flavored with anise seeds."

For their chicle, from which the gum of slot-machines and commerce is made, the hapless survivors of a once noble race can buy the means for their further degeneration with such dazzling ease, that their fears of the foreigner are progressively dulled. The more chicle, the more booze, the more powerful the influence of the invading traders, and the wider and more potent the protecting wing under which the comparatively solitary archæologist may pursue his idealistic labors. As the Wrigley Building lifts its white tower above the murky Chicago River, the vines and *zapote* trees are hacked and scraped away from the once white walls of Maya temples, and further proof is added that a benevolent purpose shapes our ends.

Not that exploration of the Yucatan jungle is by any means easy. Malaria and ticks; heat that hits you in the back of the neck like a descending baseball bat; swamps, sharks, and crocodiles, quicksands, and torrential rains; seasickness and shipwreck in small boats, were among the enemies the Mason-Spinden expedition had to fight. And in the end they were forbidden even to see the two groups of ruins—Huntichmul and Ichmul—which seemed likely to yield more than anything they actually explored or discovered.

* * *

Mr. Mason, who had had experience as a magazine correspondent, was the layman member of a quintet, of which Dr. Spinden, Assistant Curator of Mexican Archæology and Ethnology of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, and a veteran in Central American exploration, was already recognized as an authority on the civilization of the Mayas. The party worked northward from Belize, through the keys and along the coast to the island of Cozumel, and later, when the rest of the party had gone home, Dr. Spinden and the author crossed Yucatan to Merida.

They found the remains of seven cities, hitherto unknown to archæologists, and several lesser sites. They unearthed several variations in Maya art forms, including a type of mural painting different from anything heretofore found on the East Coast of Yucatan, a curious subterranean temple at Muyil, a novel round tower at Paalmul, characteristic pyramid temples at Muyil and Okep, and in general greatly reduced the amount of Maya territory still to be explored. It was a wide reconnaissance rather than an attempt to study completely any one neighborhood, but did much to clear the ground for more intensive work. Mr. Mason urges the importance of pushing such study as rapidly as may be, lest the destructive forces of the tropics and the heedlessness of men—bits of Maya temples are not infrequently found in contemporary masonry—still further bury the solution of the Maya riddle.

It need scarcely be pointed out that the disappearance of this comparatively advanced American civilization, which flourished only a few centuries before the Spaniards came, leaving almost no memory of itself in the apparent descendants, is one of the most curious and fascinating mysteries of history. Mr. Mason doesn't pretend to answer the riddle further than to give his layman's report of things seen and done. His narrative is a trifle flip in its earlier pages—he appears to have typed a running story as he went along—but after the bugs and heat have bitten him for a while, he settles down to a tone more in keeping with the work in hand.

The Bowling Green

In Mr. Morley's absence on vacation, general contributions will be run in the place of his usual columns.

Your Books and Mine

STRICTLY speaking, I submit, the only books which belong to us may not even be upon our shelves, though they are likely to be so. They are those which have knitted themselves into the fabric of our thoughts, becoming an intrinsic part of consciousness. No one, therefore, owns many books, nor perhaps any one book as a whole. The mind is a capricious anthologist. It takes precisely what it can use, neither more nor less.

These reflections have come to me after a pleasant hour spent with "The Story of the World's Literature," by Mr. John Macy. While turning over his pages I was agreeably surprised to find that I had read or dipped into a majority of the authors whom he has selected for mention. Yet I am not a scholar. My contacts with the world's literature have always been casual and, indeed, superficial. I read French as I read English, but for all other languages, ancient and modern, I must depend upon translations. In short, though I have always been what children call "a great reader," I am a reader without a conscience. I go to books as people turn to their meals, seeking the food they both need and enjoy; and if a sampled book seems neither nutritious nor agreeable I forsake it at once and pass on to another without shame. This is sheer hedonism of the mind, yet I feel that much might be said for it. However, it is not my purpose to attempt to say it here.

What interests me more, at least for the immediate moment, is this: Of all the many, many books I have opened, which have become veritably my own? What is the catalogue of my private library? What authors, what books or parts of books have merged themselves with the very stuff of my existence? It will be seen at once that for any reader this is an inquiry of some moment—of some difficulty and delicacy as well!

For one thing, to pursue such an inquiry with candor and set forth the results of it is to strip oneself naked before the world. Show me your books, those genuinely *yours*, and I will tell you what you are. If not with entire accuracy, at least with a fair presumption of certitude! So much for the delicacy involved! And as for the difficulty involved, consider only your temptations. How easy it would be for you to pose a little—more than a little! If, for example, you insist that the entire canon of Shakespeare is woven into your spiritual fabric, or that the Tractatus Theologico-Politicus is your bed-time book, who is there successfully to contradict you? Observing you in your daily contacts I might well have a suspicion to the contrary, but am I to track you down to your chamber? And could I do so, remaining invisible, how is one to peep behind the brow of a man sitting quietly alone?

Well, then—the first book in my catalogue is "Literature and Dogma," by Matthew Arnold. I have not, I believe, looked into it for twenty-five years. But I came upon it at a time when it proved itself to be the one thing I needed most. It is not, I suspect, a book which has too often been read with a passionate rapture. Yet that is how I read it—absorbed it, rather, into myself. It is the book that once and for all set my spirit free. Other and different books might possibly have performed the same service, but since in point of fact this book *did* perform it, it is peculiarly and wholly mine. Miracles, it said in plain words, do not happen. Why, of course not! my being echoed . . . and I drew deep a cold, tonic breath of untainted air. And it spoke, too, of *culture*—"the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit."

A good many people since then have learned to laugh scornfully at Arnold's ideal of *culture*, but I am obdurate; I still fail to see the point of their joke. It is difficult to smile at a man who once met you in a desert with a glass of clear water.

And I presume that is why certain poems, or perhaps more truthfully certain lines of certain poems by Matthew Arnold are also in my private library, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born . . .
>
> Unquiet souls!
> . . . In the dark fermentation of earth,
> In the never idle workshop of nature,
> In the eternal movement,
> Ye shall find yourselves again!

And a hundred other lines too closely bound in with personal thoughts, feelings, struggles of flesh and spirit, ever to be torn bleeding from me!

Arnold, then, is one of my poets. Who are the others? I set them down as their names come spontaneously from my finger-tips—Ronsard, because of one sonnet, and Du Bellay, because of one sonnet; hardly any other Frenchman, I think, across the centuries, until Verlaine, with his

> sanglots longs
> Des violons de l'automne.

Phrases, songs, snatches of songs, from Shakespeare. Milton—more of Milton, I fancy, than I am quite aware myself. Landor—Wordsworth—Shelley, whole passages of Shelley. And then Swinburne, in purple bursts—but particularly for that last haunting stanza of "The Garden of Proserpine." Rossetti—for the peculiar verbal magnificence of his "House of Life." Coventry Patmore—a few poignant lines at most. Tennyson, certainly; line after line of Fitzgerald-Omar; brief gusts of Browning; fragments of carved obsidian from "The City of Dreadful Night." And so to "Modern Love"—Meredith's unapproachable and unappreciated masterpiece; of all poems, I believe, the one most unquestionably my own:

> . . . in tragic life, God wot,
> No villains need be, passions spin the *plot;*
> We are betrayed by what is false within.
>
> Not till the fire is dying in the grate
> Look we for any kinship with the stars. . . .
>
> In tragic hints here see what evermore
> Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
> Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
> To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

Francis Thompson next, assuredly! And after him—? Many admirable poets I have no doubt.

But so much for the poets.

As for my books in prose—let me take them again at haphazard, just as they come to me. I do not say these are the only books builded into myself, but only that I am reasonably sure you could not detach them from me and leave me living or unchanged.

I note, therefore, Plato's account of the death of Socrates; the King James version of the Bible, both the Old Testament and the New—it would take too long, though, to disentangle the phrases and passages which have incorporated themselves with me; certain of the dialogues of Lucian, whose mockery holds a freeing and purifying wisdom; Voltaire's "Candide;" with which I may as well group at once page after page of that exquisite humanist and artist, who was also that dirty-minded old pagan, Anatole France. Ernst Haeckels's "Riddle of the Universe," because I hated it so and cannot forget it; Max Nordau's "Degeneration" for the same imperious and sufficient reason. Taine's "History of English Literature." Renan's "Life of Jesus." Carlyle's "French Revolution." And more vividly mine than these others, perhaps, "Marius the Epicurean," by Walter Pater . . . yes, I belong to that era! But to continue. "The Life of Reason," by Santayana, and "The Varieties of Religious Experience," by William James; and, finally—to make an end somewhere—"A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis," by Sigmund Freud. What a motley, spotty, wholly indefensible list of titles! But they dripped from my fingers, and I have let them drip as they would.

Yet so far I have not mentioned the novelists and dramatists, certain of whose pages and creations are indisputably mine. Well, but let them go—for I must keep some few poor tattered rags about me; and I see now that this further list would prove as motley, as spotty, as wholly not to be defended as the last! But, in closing, may I just murmur—Sterne, Stendhal, Balzac, Jane Austen, Dickens, Barrie, and Bernard Shaw. . . .

O, O—ye Gods!! And—Max Beerbohm—*may* I? Yes, *I* am blushing too.

LEE WILSON DODD.

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Books of Special Interest

Villon Translated

THE TESTAMENTS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. Translated by JOHN HERON LEPPER, including the texts of John Payne and others. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

MR. J. H. LEPPER has translated Villon's "Petit Testament" or Lais (which means "Legacy" not "Lay") and the Grant Testament. He has done it well, better, in my opinion, than John Payne, whose version is represented in this volume together with other translations from Villon by various eminent hands. The difficulties of translating Villon are very great, so great in fact that about one-third of his poetry is as incomprehensible to most people in English as in the original. By this I mean that when the literal meaning of one of Villon's stanzas is accurately rendered —as Mr. Lepper generally renders it— there still remains an esoteric or allusive meaning which can only be grasped by the aid of a commentary. No doubt, Mr. Lepper did not wish to frighten readers with the awful scarecrow of a learned commentary, yet his translation would have been much more useful to American and English readers if he had greatly extended his notes, accurate and useful as these are, so far as they go. I am impelled to make this criticism (which I hope to make good by an example) because the publisher, after the fashion of his kind, claims that this is a "definitive edition of Villon's works." An edition which leaves so much unexplained cannot be considered as "definitive," especially when the information required can be dug out of French commentators. Let me try to make plain what I mean.

As almost everyone knows, the work of Villon consists of miscellaneous poems (some of which are bad, and one or two excellent, like the magnificent "Ballade des Pendus") and of the two Testaments. The Grant Testament is a much finer thing than the Petit Testament and in it are interpolated a number of ballades and rondeaux which are the very cream of Villon's genius. I should advise anyone taking up Villon for the first time to begin by reading the ballades and other short poems, then to read through the Grant Testament, noticing especially stanzas 22 to 41 inclusive, and to take most of the rest for granted. But Mr. Lepper's is a "definitive" edition, and that means we are to study *all* Villon in these pages. The form of the Testament was popular with medieval poets. It was a sort of burlesque will, in which the poet left fantastic and satirical legacies to his friends and enemies; the only substantial things—and they were frail enough—which Villon had to leave were his ballades and rondeaux. These ballades need comparatively little explanation; it is not necessary to read learned disquisitions on the identity of Archipiada and Flora in order to enjoy the immortal commonplaces of the "Ballade of Dead Ladies." But about one-third of Villon's total production consists of stanzas which leave incomprehensible legacies to utterly unheard-of poets. Of course, these stanzas can be taken for granted, passed over carelessly as mere incomprehensible fooling. I think most readers would be wise to do this, but in a *definitive* edition we surely have a right to ask that nothing that can be explained shall be passed over.

As an example I take the thirteenth stanza of Mr. Lepper's Little Testament. (As an aside I may interject that in the Villon canon, as established by Auguste Longnon, this should be stanza 21; and therefore Mr. Lepper has not complied with another requirement of a *definitive* edition, viz., that the best text obtainable should be used). Payne, who did not have the opportunity of using Longnon's 1892 text, or the revised edition of 1914, mistranslates. Mr. Lepper in a sense translates it accurately, though he does not and could not bring out the allusions in his original and for some reason does not print the names of taverns (which he does elsewhere) but takes them as part of the text. Here is the stanza in the definitive French form:

Item, a Jehan Trouvé, bouchier,
Laisse *le Mouton* franc et tendre,
Et ung tacon pour esmouchier
Le Beuf Couronné qu'on veult vendre,
Ou *la Vache:* qui pourra prendre
Le vilain qui la trousse au col,
S'il ne la rent, qu'on le puist pendre
Ou estrangler d'ung bon licol!

And here is Mr. Lepper's version, which he leaves without any comment or interpretation:

To Jehan Trouvé, the butcher chap,
A sheep that's young and fat be brought,
Thereto a feather whisk to flap
The flies that taint his ox unbought
Or cow; and when the villain's caught
Who lifts her by the neck to thieve her,
Let him receive a collar taut
And perish of a gallows fever.

That is an accurate rendering, amazingly accurate (except for not marking the tavern names) considering it is in verse; and I declare frankly that I could not have done it so well. But does the reader understand it? Does he "take" the allusions? Or is it as incomprehensible to him as it was to me until I had spent the best part of an hour grubbing among commentators?

To make that able translation "definitive," Mr. Lepper should have printed the "*Sheep,*" the "*Garlande Ox,*" and the "*Cow,*" as I print them here, to show that Villon was at his customary game of bequeathing tavern signs with ironic intent. Then I think he should have put an explanatory footnote somewhat to this effect:

"Villon leaves the signs of three appropriately named taverns to a butcher, Jehan Trouvé, who was possibly a dirty butcher and certainly a law-breaking one. He was twice in custody (1447, 1448) for striking men; in 1458 he brought a law-suit against another butcher and in 1459 against a woman. There are complicated and untranslatable puns in the second line. "*Mouton*" (Sheep) is taken first as the tavern sign, then in its meaning of "sheep," then as a "castrate"; "*franc*" is used in its double sense of "fat" and "tough," for a "mouton franc" means a ram and hence "tough mutton." The *Sheep* and *Cow* taverns are not identified but in 1450 there was a "*Garlanded Ox*" in the rue de l'Abruvoer Mascon. These signs made Villon think of the rue Trousse-vache ("Load-the-Cow-Street") which perhaps had a sign depicting that incident. Villon insinuates (if we accept the reading "qui" instead of "que" in the fifth line, and so make Trouvé the subject of "pourra") that Jehan Trouvé could find the "villain who loads the cow's neck," and so pleasantly indicates that he thinks the said Trouvé ought to be hanged."

It may be said that such minuteness is the merest pedantry and that, in any event, it only proves that the stanza is unimportant and trivial fooling. This I do not dispute. But I should claim that the note made some sense of what is otherwise senseless. And, which is more important, I should also claim that, since a fairly large percentage of Villon's poetry is no better or more intelligible than this, we should exercise our critical sense before accepting *all* his poetry as the product of sublime genius. If Villon is as great a poet as his extreme admirers think, a little close scrutiny will not harm his reputation. And if—as I believe—at least one-third of his work is poor, why should we not admit it? The French and English Romantics elevated Villon above all other medieval French poets because his work admirably illustrated their ideal of personal poetry, *poésie intime.* To listen to them, you would think no other French poet between 1080 and 1500 was worth reading. Villon was a poet, at times a really great poet, but he was strictly limited. He could not have written—at any rate, did not write—any heroic poetry to be compared with works like the "Chanson de Roland," "Raoul de Cambrai," and many others, nor had he that exquisite lyric gift of the thirteenth century poets, whose chansons and motets are like the most beautiful flute music, so clear and piercing and delicate.

Mr. Lepper's translation of the Testaments is good, better than any other English version known to me; but he, or his publishers, should not claim that it is "definitive."

The only bust from life ever made of Robert Louis Stevenson was recently exhibited in London. It was made in October, 1893, by Allen Hutchinson, in the bungalow at Sans Souci, on the beach of Waikiki, where Stevenson had come from Samoa hoping that the change would be beneficial to his chronic ill health. The bust was exhibited at the New Gallery, London, by the sculptor in the spring of 1895, six months after the death of Stevenson.

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Books of Special Interest

Explaining the War

RECENT REVELATIONS OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY. By G. P. Gooch. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

Author of "The Origin of the Next War"

ALMOST as remarkable as the speed with which post-war revelations have come to light—to overturn previous conceptions of war guilt—is the exceeding slowness with which these new ideas reach not merely the masses but the vast majority of intelligent and even moderately open-minded readers. In some degree, no doubt, this is due to the pain with which even the fairest mind parts with a long-cherished illusion like the idea that the responsibility for provoking the World War lies wholly on one country or one group of powers. But quite as good a reason for the leisurely way in which the general public—that part of it which considers the matter at all—has gone about revising its hysterical war-time opinions lies in the bulk of the revelations themselves. The great series of volumes in which the German Foreign Office delivered its soul runs to half a hundred—and German at that. Though none of the other new sources which support the new ideas of war guilt are quite so extensive or so all-embracing, it is unusual for any one of the various admirals, generals, and statesmen to say what he has to say concisely. Mr. Winston Churchill has filled four by no means slender volumes, General Ludendorff has written even more extensively, and it is a rare war leader who can state his case in less than two volumes. The thing is, of course, almost impossible. The story is too big, the mass of detail too immense—and in the detail lies some of the most significant evidence.

Now this is all very well for professed historians, and even the more serious journalist who is honestly endeavoring to keep up with the world's changing mind can at least skim through the most important books. But the war problem and the way in which the public can be hoodwinked where war guilt is concerned is a matter of primary concern to the ordinary intelligent man, who possesses neither time, patience, languages, nor historical background sufficient to plod through the original text of the revelations themselves—but who has a highly practical interest in the causes of war and the prospect of its recurrence.

It is the peculiar merit of Mr. G. P. Gooch's "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy," therefore, that so far as is possible for a citizen of one of the late belligerents, he has put all prejudice out of his mind, has endeavored to advance no theory, and has announced no conclusions, save in a brief paragraph at the very end. His book might well be described as simply a prolonged book review—214 pages in all—covering virtually every book that has so far appeared to give first hand information on war origins. Since it is in itself a great task to summarize a literature already so voluminous, Mr. Gooch has made no special effort to cover the numerous derivative works that are based on these primary sources, though he does not entirely neglect them.

His own conclusion, after completing his survey of the new facts, is that although "the statesmen of the three despotic Empires" are not guilty of the "inexpiable crime of deliberately starting the avalanche, they must jointly bear the reproach of having chosen the path that led to the abyss." In his next sentence, however, Mr. Gooch is more generous: "The outbreak of the Great War, however, is the condemnation not only of the performers who strutted for a brief hour across the stage, but above all of the international anarchy which they inherited and which they did little to abate."

That is probably the ultimate verdict of history—though our knowledge of pre-war diplomacy is still at a stage where the open-minded and honest man waits for further evidence and meantime keeps his mind open. The most important new evidence will probably come from the French archives. And as Mr. Gooch observes: "It is the wish not of her ancient foes alone, but of her well-tried friends, that France may fall into line with the other Great Powers, and reveal more of the jealously guarded treasures of the Quai d'Orsay. No civilized State is likely to suffer as much in the good opinion of a democratic world from disclosures of its diplomacy as it does by permitting the suspicion that it has guilty secrets to conceal."

It is regrettable that he has failed to give the usual bibliographical data—at least place and date of publication—for each book; and the essential usefulness of his work is somewhat lessened by an index that confines itself to proper names.

Mystics or Skeptics

THE NEW TYRANNY. By FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IF you are old-fashioned, perhaps you still cherish the idea that the Kaiser was responsible for the late lamented war. Or if you are new-fashioned and a revisionist, not the Kaiser but Poincaré may seem to you the chief sinner. Of if, perchance, you are a Socialist, supposing such an animal can still be found anywhere in America, you may suspect that commercial rivalry had something to do with the affair. But in any of these hypotheses, according to Francis J. Oppenheimer, you are far off the track. None of these stalking-horses should bear the blame, but a mysterious entity named "scholarship." During the fifty years before the war, "scholarship," it seems, neglected its plain duty of informing us that the world was being rent apart by the twin forces of mysticism and skepticism, two opposite philosophies which united in overthrowing the sovereignty of reason. Mysticism and skepticism, with an identical ethics, esthetics, and economics set up a goal of mere happiness which led inevitably to the recent conflict. All this is very interesting, if true. And, at the outset, there is evidently a modicum of truth in the thesis. It is sufficiently clear that of recent years reason has been concerned with means rather than with ends and that in the various fields indicated it has been mainly the servant of irrational forces. Thus the reflective reader will start out with Mr. Oppenheimer in fine fettle, hoping at last to get at the root of all our major ailments.

It is perhaps a little disconcerting to learn that by "skeptics" the author refers to "all those individuals who see and understand Nature as the great and only circumstance," but if Mr. Oppenheimer wants to use words in his own sense, that is his privilege. We understand that by "skepticism" he means "naturalism," and go trustfully onward. We accept his list of "skeptics"—Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Lyell, Hæckel, Freud, and Jung—but we have only reached page eighteen when David Hume appears on the roll of infamy—and we begin to be troubled, since Hume is a skeptic only in the traditional, not the Oppenheimerian sense. On page nineteen Leibnitz is added to the list and on page twenty Aristotle! And henceforth for 541 pages Mr. Oppenheimer wanders through a wilderness of names, sticking up his two beloved labels, like billboards, wherever he finds an interesting site. His method is that of indiscriminate quotation without regard to context or the general setting of an author's ideas. He has read everything, forgotten nothing, and learned nothing. Before he gets through he has demonstrated to his own satisfaction the worthlessness of virtually every important thinker from Lao-Tze to John Dewey.

His own philosophy is, presumably, the standard of reference, but beyond the fact that Mr. Oppenheimer is neither a "mystic" nor a "skeptic" we are unfortunately left in the dark as to his own position. Of course, when one fires a shot-gun point-blank at the universe he is bound to hit something, and the author's chaotic negations are occasionally interesting, as in his violent attack upon the ancient Egyptians; but for the most part the book is a maze of exaggerations, inaccuracies, and inconsistencies. A few examples will suffice: "That the theory of Natural Evolution explains each and every step of man's development from pre-historic times down to the reader of this morning's newspaper . . . is clear as spring water to Darwin;" "Spinoza made 'substance' and 'intellect' synonymous terms;" "neither does 'the law of substance' as expounded by Hæckel differ very much from that of Spinoza," "Protagoras . . . wrote absolutely nothing;" "all the trained European thinkers of the last fifty years" are Hegelian, except the Italians who are all Hegelians. Even the type-setter seems to have been infected by the spirit of the book: Graham Wallas appears as "Graham Wallace," A. J. Lindsay as "A. J. Linsay," and Professor Hoernle as "Professor Hoernele."

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—ESSANDESS

AKHNATON

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A DUTTON BOOK

A Letter From Paris

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

THIS summer will, in France, remain memorable for its abundance of rain and literary criticism. But good rain and good criticism are strong fertilizers, when they fall on a good soil.

Paul Souday, the eminent critic of *Le Temps*, publishes at the same moment no less than three books on *Marcel Proust*, *André Gide*, and *Paul Valéry* (Kra). They contain about the best that has been written on at least two of these three celebrated writers. André Gide is perhaps too elusive and many-sided to be caught in the wiry net of any descriptive method. Souday is a great discoverer and explorer. Mirages slightly disturb him; he minds the road perhaps more than the landscape. That is perhaps why he is such a safe guide.

"I have not lost my life," he says in a recent article, "since it was my lot to support Moréas and herald Valéry. My dearest hope is to unearth a third poet of the same range in the younger generation." But none is yet in sight, and older names are entering history.

From the Librairie Champion comes an exhaustive study, in French, by Miss M. L. Henry (presumably American), of your compatriot Stuart Merrill, who was one of the founders of French symbolism. The good and great poet Francis Vielé-Griffin has prefaced that important monograph.

More significant and dramatic than Stuart Merrill's was the fate of Charles Péguy, socialist and humanist, killed at the Marne, whose *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* were a landmark of pre-war literature. A selection of his abundant and eloquently simple litanies, in verse and rythmic prose, is published by the Nouvelle Revue Française. It includes extracts from the well-known *Mystère de Jeanne d'Arc* which I prefer to Anatole France's and Bernard Shaw's.

The history of that Symbolist movement (before and after the nineties) from which Péguy shrewdly extricated himself, is recorded by John Charpentier in "Symbolisme." This is the first volume of a collection of critical works on the nineteenth century, started by "Les Arts et le Livre," under the direction of René Lalou. A full selection from about thirty poets (amongst whom Lautréamont and T. Corbiere) makes of M. Charpentier's work an excellent instrument of research for students and professors. His name has, for many years, headed the bi-monthly "review of poems" in the *Mercure de France*, and his unerring judgment is everywhere recognized.

I need not warn my readers against the rude and crude stuff that sometimes passes for criticism in adolescent coteries. It is all the more pleasant to find in two volumes of "Approximations" by Charles du Bos (I. Plon, II. Cres) a body of disquisitions and judgments, mostly published in the younger reviews, that is not only reliable, but extremely stimulating. The very title conveys a lesson of probity. M. Charles du Bos is tentative, insinuating. He feels his way through any subject with the deftness and deliberation of a cat in the night. The result is that he never misses a point. The contrast between his intuitive method and Souday's robust pugnacity, always on the side of logic and common sense, is of permanent interest.

M. Louis Cazamian's short book on "L'Ame Anglaise" (Payot) is as full as an egg. He is one of the several university men in France who can survey without blinking the wide field of international psychology and, at a moment's notice, gather from any corner of it an armful of the freshest ideas.

Did René Lalou learn from Cazamian the art of animating abstractions? He belongs to the younger generation. But the living fluidity of his manner in a remarkable "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine en Angleterre" (Kra) does not in the least exclude firmness of thought and soundness of judgment. I especially like his chapter on the Irish Renascence. No picture of the last fifty years of literary development in England can be more brilliant and reliable than his short "Panorama." It should be read, not only for its own sake, but as a testimony of the comprehensive and yet clarifying power of open-minded criticism on cosmopolitan literature.

I wish I could speak in the same terms of some other attempts at critical intellectuality. But *these* flights are not likely to end on the other shore of the Atlantic. What is the use of discounting their effect? Most of them belong to the jejune stage of literary production. An exception must be made in favor of the young essayist, Jean Prévost, athlete and psychologist. His "Essai sur l'Introspection" (Librairie du Sans-Pareil) is the much needed analysis and discussion of a fascinating but delicate and sometimes misleading method of mental exploration. Many a critic and writer, though of old standing, has already found in Jean Prévost's book a tonic reason for remapping his wonted way through the moving sands of self-analysis.

If you can stand foreign vituperation about America, read "Quarantième Etage," by Luc Durtain (Nouvelle Revue Française). He is a practising physician and a born story-teller. His "Source Rouge" deserved literary success. But I did not imagine that one of our best novelists could rival the best and worst of yours in their denunciation of a social system that has, after all, produced and stamped them. Jean Richard Bloch is perhaps the best equipped writer of the post-war generation. Whatever he publishes is worth attention, even his short tales in "Les Chasses de Renaut" (Nouvelle Revue Française). "Le Femme du Rêve," by René Puaux (Fasquelle), is a sequel to his "Grand Vague," and will mildly captivate those who like strange mental adventures. The story develops in New York and Paris. There is a special charm and freshness in the output of René Puaux's fertile mind and easy pen. Let him beware of cheap profundity.

Pierre Mac Orlan's "Quai des Brumes" (Nouvelle Revue Française) is of a stronger fibre. It is a full-flavored specimen of those low-life and high-tension tales through which vibrates the mental unrest of a sad, young, world-wise but half mad Bohemia, that makes us feel sometimes that Villon and Marlowe are breathing from afar into the prose narrative of this generation.

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Capek in Light Mood

THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE. By KAREL CAPEK. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

CAPEK'S new fantasy gives us this author in a light and frivolous mood. Having produced robots and krakatit, he seems to have said to himself, "Now I'm entitled to a holiday. And I'm going to enjoy it by spinning a tale about anything that pops into my head. Let who will take it seriously." Mildly concerned with the relations of man to man and of the church to God, he sets out upon his task. One eye contemplates the results to industry of the discovery of boundless supplies of energy, the other surveys a world containing equally boundless supplies of the Absolute. And Capek writes on and on, apparently with ease and pleasure. His slightly cross-eyed satire is overburdened with neither logic nor subtlety, but it makes comfortable, facile reading, and every now and then it gives one's intellectual ribs a rather jolly poke.

The scientific invention that serves as the starting-point of the story is the so-called Karburator, a contrivance that breaks up matter, consumes it utterly, releases thereby a tremendous amount of power, and leaves behind only an indestructible residue, "free and active Absolute," or "God in a chemically pure form." These Karburators are naturally set up everywhere. But the escape of the Absolute in their immediate vicinity soon causes havoc wherever they are installed. Hard-headed bankers, business men, scientists, and policemen "get religion," give away their possessions, prophesy, perform miracles, are levitated, etc., all in the most disturbing fashion. A minister of war suddenly begins to lecture the troops on the glories of peace. A drunkard and a politician are simultaneously cured. The church, which at first rejects the Absolute as not being any legal, duly accredited God, presently tries to come to terms with It on condition that It will be less uncontrollable—more diluted and more readily managed, as It is at Lourdes, for instance.

Inexhaustible energy, cheap production, and the activities of the Absolute induce the promoter, a patriotic Czechoslovakian, not to sell more Karburators at home: "We'll infect the whole industrial and financial world with God and preserve only our own country as an island of civilization and honest labor." But the sale of Karburators throughout the world leads to terrible religious struggles wherever they appear. Every nation is convinced that its Absolute is the only true God and wishes to impose its revelation upon the others. In consequence the Greatest War—the really Greatest, with 198,000,000 combatants and only thirteen survivors—is precipitated. Supernatural powers fight on both sides. The weapons of the Absolute include earthquakes, angels, and plagues. A new Napoleon declares war on the Offender and begins in a small way by destroying Karburators. All to no avail. Europe ends with the black and yellow races contending for supremacy, while America, after furious local engagements between Wets and Drys, falls a colony to the Japanese.

There is much more of this harmless sort of fooling. None of it should be judged by the standards of literature or philosophy, but much of it is mildly entertaining. The abundance of dialogue, the brief chapters, the simplicity of the sermon, and the obvious quality of the humor all combine to produce an easily digestible dish for hot-weather consumption, one that is neither over-nourishing nor over-stimulating, but agreeable enough, provided the palate is not too dainty.

The first volumes will be issued by Harrap of London during the autumn of the "Argonaut Series" edited by Arthur D. Howden Smith, whose aim is to include only such authentic narratives of travel and adventure as are definitely rare. One volume contains "A Voyage to the South Seas in the Years, 1740-1741," by John Bulkeley and John Cummins, of which there has been no edition since 1757. There are illustrations from contemporary prints and maps. Another volume contains "The Narrative of Samuel Hancock," describing his overland journey to Oregon in 1845 and his pioneering in the Oregon country, 1845-1860, printed for the first time from a true copy of the original manuscript.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

INNOCENTS ALOFT: And Other Souvenirs of Days in France. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH. Covici. 1927. $2.

The contents of this variegated volume are: introduction by William McFee; a longish description of a motor trip over the French Alps—Geneva, Grenoble, Nice; six rather feeble reminiscences of life in France; an account of interviews with Georges Duhamel, Henri Barbusse, and Romain Rolland; and, finally, a most gratifying debunking of certain aspects of ocean travel. Mr. McFee has his fling at readers who prefer what he considers swill and decomposition to the "Victorian decencies," and suggests that "Innocents Aloft" would please the Victorians. The point seems slightly labored. Genuine merit, however, is to be found in the title sketch, wherein Mr. Smith, an editor from Chicago, tells vividly of his nervousness in spiraling up and down the "cols" of the Alps. This is decidedly effective writing, for we cringe with the tourists as their car twists and lurches, with only scant inches between them and a fall to destruction. There is also excellent material in the interviews with the French writers, and Mr. Smith makes the most of it. But "Innocents Aloft" is too miscellaneous to be of any great interest to the general public.

Biography

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. From the Early Chronicles. By SARAH HENRY BENTON. MacVeagh. $3.50.

This is an uncritical compilation, largely from outgrown authorities and antiquated editions, prepared for this year's celebration of the nine hundredth anniversary of William the Conqueror's birth—which probably took place in 1028!

Drama

THE CONSTANT WIFE. A Comedy in Three Acts. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. Doran. 1927. $2.

As one reads this comedy, echoes float in the air of the lilting, throaty, fascinating voice of Ethel Barrymore. That is, of course, if one has seen Miss Barrymore as Constance in "The Constant Wife." The alliteration in this sentence is purposeful. Shades of the eighteenth century moralities! Here is a twentieth century piece with constancy its theme, "The Constant Wife" its name, Constance its heroine, John, the universal husband, Martha the sister troubled about many things! The kind of constancy committed is, however, quite up to date. On the opening night a man declared the play the most immoral of the season and that it should be whisked off the stage immediately by the art censoring police. Women, however, chuckle silently with delight, reminded of their suffrage arguments on the double code. Not that they are pleading for the privilege of running off with a lover! But only that if men do thus and so, then, they must be allowed their so and thus also. The rules of games are sexless.

This thrust on the part of Mr. Maugham is perhaps somewhat dated. In fact, one feels he must have thought out this play some years ago. The dialogue, however, is in the very best style of present-day English top-hat writing. It shines, it is superior, it is all in good taste. Nevertheless, it is out for a good time. In manner it is decorous, quite the tone of the English gentleman, but in matter as startling as only an English gentleman can be. It gets its reality over without once descending into realism. It gives the thrill of emotion without once being emotional. In other words, "The Constant Wife" is that *rara avis*, clever high comedy, meat for the sophisticated, neatly constructed, vastly amusing. It will be forgotten, as it has neither length, nor breadth, nor height of humanness, but in this day and hour it lifts itself as a scintillating, satirical comedy of smart set manners.

Fiction

THE FLOWER SHOW. By DENIS MACKAIL. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

Here is an example of the English novel in its most recent manner, admirably conceived and written. The plot, practically speaking, is non-existent. With each chapter new characters are presented, displayed, and withdrawn. Beyond the vague unity provided by the limits of a single day in a small country community where a flower show is in progress, Mr. Mackail uses no devices to bind together his people and their conversations. He is content to take whatever types and whatever amusements the day and place provide. The result is always fortunate, and the book must be counted as one of the author's best. He is unfailingly deft in handling the somewhat tenuous matter of his study, and he contrives to be moving, amusing, and readable without falling into the sentimentality of much of his earlier work. There are pages of dialogue that might be credited to E. M. Forster or Katharine Mansfield in the intensity of truth which they reflect, and in the shrewdness of their observation. Mr. Mackail's day at the Nutlington Flower Show is delightfully spent, keyed on that border-line tone just between irony and farce which is so difficult to catch at all, and, once caught, still more difficult to sustain.

HIS MISTRESS AND I. By MARCEL PRÉVOST. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Prévost is one of the best known and best advertised purveyors to the well recognized Gallic taste for novels dealing with the psychology of love. "His Mistress and I" is one of his later and lesser opera. Briefly, it recounts the curious case of Antoine, whose best friend, Robert, has a mistress named Sophie, with whom in a manner so unpremeditated as to border upon inadvertence, he (Antoine) is indiscreet. Somewhat later, there having been no recurrence of the indiscretion, Robert dies and Antoine finds himself heir to Sophie. But,—behold the subtle psychology of love!—they find that there is a barrier between them, caused by the memory of their deception of the dead man. After considerable experimentation and a frank and open discussion of the subject covering approximately 300 pages, they discover the ultimate subtlety of psychological love,—that it is only when they are faced by the prospect of separation that they truly love each other. It is, in spots, an entertaining novel. M. Prévost long ago said whatever of importance he had to say, and it cannot be claimed that his contribution to French letters was ever significant, save in that it added a certain publicity to the ideas of some of his less popular predecessors. However, it is all done with considerable polish and manner in its new edition, and it is quite unimaginable that it could do any harm to repeat it.

THE IRISH SPARROW. By WILL W. WHALEN. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 1927.

Under the hardly mystifying name of Jules Hallman, a character representing Mr. Haldeman-Julius is brought into this novel. Apparently Mr. Whalen has a decided animosity towards the well-known publisher. The pages devoted to making this poor opinion evident are unpleasantly abusive.

"The Irish Sparrow" has a strong Roman Catholic bias, and, in addition to this sectarianism, the novel contains a vast number of moral lessons. Both of these characteristics will edify certain readers, but they add nothing in the way of literary excellence. The scene is the coal district of Pennsylvania, in a mining town where the workers are oppressed by an unsympathetic capitalism. We find a wealthy radical (Irish), a poor radical (Polish), and an innocent girl (Irish)—the easy triangle of the pedestrian novelist. Throughout the novel crudities of style and narrative abound.

RESPECTABILITY. By BOHUN LYNCH. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Lynch is not yet a craftsman in the novel. "Respectability" is cumbered by difficulties for the reader—difficulties that a skilful novelist should have seen and eliminated. For instance, the narrator of this family history is a shadowy figure, flitting in and out of the pages; the first-person chronicle of events has certain limitations of which Mr. Lynch is not always mindful. Furthermore, the story is so unmercifully complicated for the first fifty pages that the casual reader is likely to give up in despair.

But these obstacles aside, "Respectability" can be enjoyed. The persevering reader will be rewarded. The problem is that of illegitimacy: to what extent should a respectable family (1900 model) take back a runaway daughter and her child of sin? In this particular case the unhappy pair are accepted with purrings of "How noble we are to shelter you!" and "If it were not for our really remarkable goodness you and your nameless child would be where you deserve to be—in the gutter!"—and so on through twenty-five years of conscious virtue. The nauseating Millicent, a "good woman," is a splendid conception, with her parade of magnanimity and her flaunting banners of self-sacrifice. We would throttle her with joy. Other characters of the novel are honestly and profitably drawn, and the twentieth century scene in England is done with penetrating observation. Especially pleasing is the account of the official persecution of a book that is suspected of obscenity; it is a vigorous comment upon the methods and purposes of censorship.

We know Mr. Lynch best, perhaps, for his "Max Beerbohm in Perspective" and for his "History of Caricature," less well known are a number of volumes dealing with pugilism and with old furniture. What astonishing versatility! This story, not by any means his first, is in spots undeniably clumsy, and lethargic as a whole. But it stands as a much more intelligent and solid piece of work than many novels that are far easier to read. Mr. Lynch may not be a first-class novelist as yet, but he is decidedly worth our attention.

SINNERS GO SECRETLY: Being Pages from the Diary of Dr. Eustace Hailey. By ANTHONY WYNNE. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

Twelve short stories give us a fair idea of Dr. Hailey as a detective. We conclude that he is not one of the best in current fiction, certainly not up to the standards set by Thorndyke, Mr. Fortune, and Father Brown. Mr. Wynne has not given his Harley Street physician any identifying peculiarities, any unique methods, any real individuality. Dr. Hailey, to be sure, is an astonishingly large man; furthermore, he takes snuff, and assumes a dreamy expression when thoroughly alert. But he has no traits that interest us, and indeed we do not see him give much evidence of unusual penetration or logic. These twelve adventures have a tendency toward dulness, often being too compact with rapid unfolding to be easily followed. "The Black Kitten" is ingenious, but "The Tinkle of the Bells" is the best, possessing simplicity and power. If Mr. Wynne intends to publish further stories with Dr. Hailey as protagonist, let him make his detective more colorful and the cases on which he goes of more intrinsic interest. But this collection is by no means wholly unsuccessful, for it can give the uncritical reader a few hours of pleasure.

DOWN STREAM. By J. K. HUYSMANS. Pascal Covici. 1927. $2.50.

Samuel Putnam has chosen to combine a number of Huysmans's shorter novels and critical articles in a single volume of translations, under the title of one of them, "Down Stream." Here may be found the author's first book, "Le Drageoir aux Épices," and one of his last writings, the 1903 preface to "A Rebours." Mr. Putmans's work for English readers. The fact excellent introduction, to include the previously untranslated sixth chapter of "A Rebours" and the omitted portions of "Là-Bas," does not seem to have been carried out. As it stands, however, the volume supplies many of the missing bits of Huysmans' work for English readers. The fact that much of the material translated is of secondary importance both in itself and in its author's career does not alter the value of Mr. Putnam's service. Whatever the judgment of posterity upon Huysmans as a writer, he stood in a peculiar and influential relation to literature, and at least one of his books seems likely to retain permanent fame because of its effect on the work of other writers. Consequently, though much of the material in "Down Stream" is both dull and uninspired, it should be read by those who are interested in the extraordinary personality of the author. In glimpses it reveals the conflict of his Gothic spirit with his desire to write in the realist manner. One of the results was his decadent style, so familiar to those who have read Huneker and his descriptions of Huysmans. For them the present book seems expressly designed.

TALL MEN. By JAMES STUART MONTGOMERY. Greenberg. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Montgomery's tale of privateering, which is also a first novel, seems to have been born of inspiration. The idea of writing it from the outsider's standpoint, leaving the narration to a young Englishman of chivalric impulsiveness, who has shipped on a blockade-runner during the Civil War, is happy enough. It raises the entire story into a realm of abstract bravery, romance, and excitement in which material considerations of North vs. South have little part. His intrigue and his characters have been equally well designed. The first chapter, in which the Englishman, grown old and disgusted with this dull material world, remembers the shining adventure of his youth, is charmingly done. In short, here we have everything necessary for a first rate adventure story, and one that looks promising, moreover, on the basis of that first chapter, in the matter of good writing.

(*Continued on next page*)

By

CHARLES G. NORRIS

Author of

Bread, Brass, Salt, and Pig Iron

Troupers! Rag-tag and bob-tail of the small time—tinsel gods of the three-a-day—racked by tourist sleepers in midnight jumps; sweating in unholy dressing rooms; crowded into tenth-rate hotels redolent of stale beer! In this backwater of stagedom a decade ago, Zelda Marsh had her start. She learned to love its happy, carefree, boastful, quarrelsome crew; and one above the others, George Selby . . .

ZELDA MARSH

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

Unfortunately, the tedium of life seems to have attacked Mr. Montgomery before he had really gotten the book under control. There is no lack of gallant deeds and tender romance, but there is, somehow, a lack of actuality and attractiveness about most of the characters. The author barely bothers to complete his account of the complicated rivalry of his three principal characters for the hand of the fair Miss Tempest. The big scene of his book, (battle off Cherbourg between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*), has little to do with the rest of his story, but it serves to revive a bit of the author's spirit. This vivid, hand-to-hand description brings to an end a book head and shoulders above the run of adventurous fiction, but still not nearly as good as it might have been.

VIVANTI. By SYDNEY HORLER. Doran. 1927. $2.

Doctor Paul Vivanti appeared in an earlier novel, "The Order of the Octopus." Here in a horror-mystery-detective story that bears his name as title, he indulges with undiminished vigor in further diabolical schemes. As a smuggler of narcotics he forms a tremendous organization, but he is unsatisfied. Other evil is necessary to him, and, needless to say, he finds it. If a word of criticism is to be offered against the character of Vivanti, it would be that this villain is too completely fiendish to be human, too powerful to have a hint of weakness. The result is an abstraction rather than an individual. But nevertheless, Dr. Vivanti, the greatest nerve specialist in Harley Street, is always interesting.

The novel is thoroughly satisfactory of its kind. It is full of pleasant shivers, and it seldom lacks a freshness of invention. Of course there is a love story. This reviewer read it through without getting up from his chair, and he jumped unpleasantly when a door slapped to in the night wind.

A HELLUVA WAR. By ARTHUR GUY EMPEY. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Here is a succession of episodes in the military life of Private Terrence X. O'Leary, cavalryman in the A. E. F. Mr. Empey, author of earlier war books (notably "Over the Top"), tries to make this O'Leary a comic figure of substantial stature, and through him to show the humorous aspects of the Great War. But the attempt fails. Not a jot of our sympathy goes out to the Irishman; we think of him as merely a loud-mouthed ignoramus. The character-drawing is of comic-strip subtlety, and the incidents designed to provoke hilarity are on an artistic level with those invented by the custard-pie stratum of Hollywood. The story is obviously post-war in its tolerant attitude toward the Germans; Mr. Empey still has an agile eye on the public temper. Decidedly, "A Helluva War" is unimportant. We find it simply the insipid antics of a stage Irishman against a now conventional background.

THE MARKED MAN. By KARL W. DETZER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

Mr. Detzer here tells a good story, and vividly presents a phase of life scarcely touched by native novelists, the life of the fisherman, coast guards, lighthouse tenders, and farm folk who live on the shores of Lake Michigan. The protagonist, Norman Erickson, son of a ruffianly, pig-headed, former sea captain and of his lately dead French-Canadian wife, grows to manhood dominated by fear of the water. So completely is he controlled by this obsession that he refuses to earn his livelihood as a lake fisherman and enlists in the lighthouse service. He is assigned assistant to the keeper of the light, and readily masters his congenial duties, but his besetting fear soon disgraces him in the successive tests to which his wavering courage is subjected. Finally, in the face of the most gruelling dangers, he heroically transcends his weakness. The book has many spirited scenes, and the character of Norman, particularly his "fear of being afraid," is portrayed with fine skill and understanding.

FROZEN INLET POST. By JAMES B. HENDRYX. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

There is nothing in this Hudson Bay adventure tale to distinguish it from the mass of its kind, all the familiar resources being employed once more to contrive the obviously inevitable. The grim old Scotch factor, Alexander, dies at the fur trading post in the wilderness, while bitterly at odds with the villainous clerk who has cheated and deserted him. Anne, Alexander's daughter, takes the place of acting factor, and is having a hard time of it when belatedly arrives Ross, the hero, an innocent fugitive fleeing from the States. He at once proceeds to love the girl and show the stoutness of his mettle by going after the treacherous clerk, whom he punishes in vigorous fashion. When we were a small boy, stories like this thrilled us profoundly, but it does not seem credible to us that grown-ups today read them for pleasure.

CAPTAIN CAVALIER. By JACKSON GREGORY. Scribner. 1927. $2.

California in the early years of the last century, when the colony, like Spain's other new world possessions, was rent by rebellion against the mother country, is the scene of this romance. Cavalier, the hero, a swashbuckling Virginian adventurer whose real name is Calvert, lands alone on the coast near Monterey after being shipwrecked and separated from his crew of piratical cutthroats. At the same time, a more powerful freebooter, with two ships and several hundred men, incited by the promise of rich looting, lays siege to the ill-defended town. Though compelled to fight both sides, simultaneously and single-handed, Cavalier yet contrives to turn the conflict in the garrison's favor, being severely wounded, but for his mighty deeds rewarded with the love of a beautiful senorita. Mr. Gregory has frequently done better.

THE PALLID GIANT: A Tale of Yesterday and Tomorrow. By PIERREPONT B. NOYES. Revell. 1927. $2.

As a man who played a prominent part in the war-time affairs of the nation, afterward being a member of the Peace Conference and Rhineland Commission, it was to be naturally expected that something worthwhile should result when he essayed the writing of a novel. But a sorry disappointment awaits us in this nonsensical fable based upon the fantastic hypothesis that millions of years ago there existed on the earth a civilization similar to our own which was annihilated by excess of destructive invention. While exploring prehistoric grottoes in southern France, the imaginary narrator and a scientist friend find an ancient book, its strange pages covered with the undecipherable symbols of a language apparently long antedating the earliest age of man. The scientist and a fellow professor, after months of laborious study, succeed in making a lucid translation of the book, which is, in effect, a history written by the lone survivors of the obliteration of the world's peoples through endless warfare. The moral offered is that we should prolong our own time here by not following their militaristic example.

RAINBOW ISLAND. By MARK GAYWOOD. Viking. 1927. $2.

It takes imagination and invention to write a good tale of adventure and the author of Rainbow Island fails on both counts. His story deviates very little from the old stock pattern and the action is dull. One is so willing to grant much in the way of plot to the teller of such a tale that it is difficult to forgive him for not being a good story-teller. Mr. Gaywood succeeds not only in greatly disappointing a reader but in being downright boring.

TYPHON'S BEARD. By JOHN VASSEUR. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Remarkable how modern these Greeks were! Mr. Vasseur has done what many good writers before him have done, used a time and place remote from the present in order to depict the thoughts, modes and manners of the contemporaneous age. The revolt of the youthful Pyrrhus, his adventuring forth from the dull Arcadia of his birth to the lands that lie beyond which beckon to his lively imagination, as when did they not; his experiences in his wanderings, and his observations by the way, furnish much for Mr. Vasseur's pen to play with. You not only have an excellent time reading the book but you feel that the author had a good time writing it. He has a gay irony which demolishes easily a lot of cherished hokum and it is this rather than any new attack which gives the book its interest.

Miscellaneous

BRONX BALLADS. By ROBERT A. SIMON. Simon & Schuster. 1927. $2.

This is a collection of eleven songs with prefatory notes by the author, who is music critic of the *New Yorker*. It is illustrated with "gag-line" cartoons from the pen of Harry Hershfield and text, music, and drawings are replete with Israelitism humor, New York branch.

The book's chief characteristic is vulgarity—in this case, as often, a virtue. However, with the possible exception of "Sadie" and "Black Oxen," the songs fall rather flat, or would unless performed (as they are evidently meant to be) by some one who could "put them over." Perhaps then they would amuse. They might even be thought quite funny if perchance the listeners were of a nature readily convulsed by the use of long Hebrew names and the unexpected interpolation of Yiddish phrases,—or, again, if both performer and listeners had the good fortune to be, say, three sheets to the wind.

ON LOVE. By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE (DE STENDHAL). Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

The translation of Stendhal under the auspices of that most skilful master of verbal foreign exchange, Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, has reached "Sur l'Amour." This rambling collection of notes and theories stands in particularly close relationship to the author's life and character. In it, the majority of his modern disciples agree, may be found the best and clearest manifestation of "Beylism,"—a mysterious cult, almost a religion, which has had a powerful influence on all French writing of the last quarter century.

Lytton Strachey has observed that Stendhal is almost too French for Anglo-Saxon comprehension, and if this be true of his novels, it is yet more true of his treatise on love. Imagine the average English author confronted, in 1826, with such a book! The very idea of playing at such length on such a theme would never have occurred to him, and the virtuosity, the pseudo-scientific viewpoint, would have astounded him still more. But, fortunately, no Englishmen and few Frenchmen gave the book a thought. It has required the twentieth century to place Stendhal in proper perspective, and one is far from convinced that the process is complete even now. To the eternal credit of both himself and the world at large, Stendhal correctly predicted this, and put much that is enduring into all his work. A century after its publication "On Love" remains far from dull.

He divided love into four varieties: passion love, sympathy, sensual love, and vanity. In every case he presupposes, however, a physical element. It is the first type, otherwise labeled *amour à Vitalienne*, which seems to him necessary for complete fulfilment. To give one's self wholly, without the reservation or imperfections implicit in all the other types of love, is the highest aim of life. Characteristically, while marriage is scarcely mentioned, he pleads continually against infidelity. His discussion is built up on innumerable anecdotes, personal experiences, notes, bits of dialogue, stories, —anything that will contribute to the question. He considers love geographically as well as temperamentally, and his description of the passion as it exists, not without handicaps, in England, is to us the most pleasant part of a pleasant book. The famous impersonal viewpoint, the coldly scientific analysis, for which Beyle has received much credit from the moderns appears here largely as a mannerism. There are, it is true, flashes of extraordinary insight, and the whole book is founded upon careful observation of its subject, but in the main Stendhal was far more than a realist. As Lalou puts it, his people are shown reacting to circumstances, while the realist gives us the circumstances acting on comparatively passive personages. And his analysis of love follows the same principle. His lovers love, without submitting themselves to be loved. Consequently there is life and interest even in this curious notebook, and an ample storehouse of ideas.

AMERICAN PARTIES AND ELECTIONS. By EDWARD MCCHESNEY SAIT. Century. 1927.

Actuated by a wholesome fear of easy generalization, Professor Sait adorns his account of American political methods and forces with constant citations of occurrences recent and remote. To these he adds quotations from innumerable men and women, including political personages and writers. The result is inevitably a somewhat complicated presentation, but in general its merits are much more conspicuous than its defects. The volume gives a picture of our political system, legal and extra-legal, in the working, along with various opinions of the way it performs its ostensible functions.

This is an obviously careful and scientific plan. At some points, however, Professor Sait is not sufficiently critical of his sources. In his chapter on "Public Opinion," for example, he characterizes Upton Sinclair's "The Brass Check" as "marked by a thoroughness and a mastery of the facts that place it somewhat outside the category of mere propaganda." He is impressed also with its "abundance of specific detail." Evidently he is quite unaware that much of that detail is partly or wholly inaccurate and that the book's "thoroughness" and "mastery of the facts" will not stand even a slight examination. Indeed, Professor Sait is occasionally inclined to accept at its fact value adverse criticism which verges upon muckraking instead of exercising a searching criticism of his own which would lead to sounder conclusions.

In his preface Professor Sait says that objection has been raised to the arrangement he has adopted. His opening chapters, which deal with manhood suffrage, negro suffrage in the South, woman suffrage and public opinion, precede the general chapters on parties. He justifies this apparent putting of the cart before the horse on the ground that the nature of party cannot be understood before there is any conception of the materials upon which it works. But a chapter on so limited a matter as negro suffrage in the South and one on public opinion hardly belong in the same category. Professor Sait might have found a better justification for his arrangement in the fact that his opening chapter is historical and that by means of his second chapter, which treats of negro suffrage, he puts an especially interesting subject near the beginning of his book. His sin against a strictly logical order, however, is without serious consequences. The book is comprehensive, up to date, and well written.

PSYCHOLOGY. Simplification. By *Loyd Ring Coleman* and *Saxe Commins*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

T. H., Chicago, Ill., asks if there are other books about prehistoric man as fascinating as "Men of the Old Stone Age."

"PREHISTORIC Hearths in the Pyrenees," by Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat (Appleton), is the kind of book one may begin in the regular travel-book frame of mind and suddenly come upon a sentence that makes it impossible to stop reading until the last page. This happened to me on the sixth page, at the moment when the party, driven to take shelter in a mountain cave by a tempest and lighting a fire for warmth and illumination, lifted a flat limestone fragment for a hearth:

> We are not the first to make a fire here.
> On his palm lay a splinter of charred bone and a piece of coarse bray pottery.
> We had uncovered a Neolithic hearth.

So they organize explorations in the "Violet Hole" and in the course of the summer visit all the other famous caves of the region; the pictures and the comment make a swift-moving, intensely interesting résumé of what is known about prehistoric man and his remains in this rich region. With this the inquirer should by all means read "Bison of Clay," a novel of prehistoric times by Max Bégouen (Longmans). The author—who appears in person in "Primitive Hearths"—is one of the three sons of Count Begouen, who as boys together discovered the clay bisons, modeled by the Magdalenians, one of the glories of Paleolithic art. He has lived into the life of 25,000 years ago, as far as any young man of today could have opportunity, and this gives a thrill to his novel of Magdalenian life. Take the two books together, but don't begin Miss Sawtell's unless you have the rest of the day free.

M. L. T., New York, asks for a life of Shakespeare that discusses the problem of the Dark Lady; he has Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" (Macmillan), and several other books on the subject, but looks for more recent speculation.

"Shakespeare, Actor-Poet," by Clara Longworth de Chambrun (Appleton), was awarded the Bordin Prize by the French Academy, a guarantee of sound scholarship; the reader at once recognizes its claim as good entertainment. It is as near to a biography in the "modern style" as we have had for Shakespeare, carefully documented, but permitting itself a reasonable amount of conjecture and surmise. The Dark Lady question, as well as the Mr. W. H. enigma, seems to this far-from-qualified judge to be well settled; at least I have read all the important contributions on the subject, including Sir Sidney Lee's, and this one sounds most reasonable to me.

The subject of Shakespearean criticism inspires one of the essays in Felix Schelling's "Shakespeare and Demi-Science" (University of Pennsylvania), with the suggestive title "The Seedpod of Shakespearean Criticism." There are other essays on the Shakespeare Canon, Jonson and the Classical School, Shakespeare and the Law, and "Sydney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother." Professor Schelling's book has a beautiful dress, in the spirit of the text.

N. R., Cazadero, Cal., asks if there is a book on the writing of fairy-stories, giving examples of masterpieces of this type of writing.

IN "Juvenile Story Writing," by Mabel L. Robinson (Dutton), there is a chapter devoted to the production of fairy-stories; this is, I think, the only book that deals with them from the standpoint of composition. Laura V. Kready's "A Study of Fairy Tales" (Houghton Mifflin) analyzes them, but with a view to making selections for telling; it would be a good book for this inquirer, though. Miss Robinson's "Juvenile Story Writing" is based not only on her experience as a teacher at Columbia, but upon an even more important qualification—the production of several of the most popular books for children and with children, for some time. These are the "Little Lucia" books, excellent for children just beginning to read, and the dog-story "Dr. Tam O'Shanter;" she has a new one just out, a story of a collie called "Sarah's Dakin" (Dutton), and a good dog story it is.

If this inquirer is collecting masterpieces, I hope she adds to the admitted classics some of the tales that have been produced in our own time. Frank Stockton's "The Floating Prince," for instance; C. W. Carryl's "Davy and the Goblin," E. Nesbit's "The Psammead," Howard Pyle's vividly retold "Wonder Clock," belong to my own youth and are still accessible to the young reader; I am sure one could call the stories in "Winnie-the-Pooh," if not exactly fairy-tales, at least something marvellously like them, and there is an animal story that I have just read, "The Somersaulting Rabbit," by Mabel Bullard (Dutton), that shows that the knack of telling the impossible and making it true has not faded from children's literature. This rabbit insists on staying up nights and turning flip-flops; the gymnastics do not matter so much as that he infringes upon the rights of the Night Animals, rabbits being supposed to get out of the way early.

O. P. T., Boston, Mass., asks for books for women about choosing a vocation; the opportunities, training and possible returns.

ONE of the most widely used books of this sort was assembled in Boston, Catherine Filene's "Careers for Women" (Houghton Mifflin), lately brought out at a cheaper price: this is a symposium by women who have done well in their respective lines of work. "Fields of Work for Women," by Miriam Simons Leuck (Appleton), begins with advice on the health requirements of any sort of worker and the training needed for various types of work, including that received in college; then advice is given on work in offices, shops and factories, the professions, businesses of one's own, the drama, recreation, fine arts, writing, food, service, law, on the land, and a closing chapter on "if you marry." "Guidance for College Women," by Mabelle Babcock Blake (Appleton), is a book for one who wants to know what is being done in the way of vocational training in colleges for women: it covers the field and is, I think, the only book devoted entirely to this branch of the subject. It describes case study of needs for guidance and tells how various colleges meet this need; how colleges are selecting students, and the agencies of the administration personnel department. "What Girls Can Do," by Ruth Wanger (Holt), is a text-book with careful discussion of the types of vocations, and at the end of each chapter problems to be worked out by the class. Holt also publishes "The Girl and the Job," by Hoehrle and Salzberg, which goes rather more into details. Miss Hirth's "Vocations for Business and Professional Women," is published by the Bureau of Vocational Information, New York; "Vocations for the Trained Woman," by Martin and Post, is from Longmans, Green; "Commercial Work and Training for Girls," by Eaton and Stevens, from Macmillan, and the New York Bureau publishes monographs on various industries, such as "Women in Chemistry;" such monographs are also published by the White Williams Foundation, Philadelphia.

The newest book on this subject is quite different from any other and the only wonder is that so brilliant an idea was not carried out until now. This is "Girls Who Did," by Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore (Dutton); the articles on which it was based have been making a sensation among the readers of *The American Girl*, in which admirable magazine they have been appearing. Instead of adding another to the books that tabulate opportunities the authors of this book have interviewed a score or more of women who really had vocations, have followed their calling through thick and thin and with genuine enthusiasm, and are willing to tell girls how they did it. Jeritza talks about singing, Neysa McMein about painting, Inez Haynes Irwin has so good a life-story of "a girl who always liked to write" that from now on I will make no effort to deal with the young people who ask me how to get a start, but direct them to the honest and trustworthy report here made accessible to them. But the beauty of the book is in the interviews with women who did not make up their minds all at once, but started towards their careers by a roundabout way, and with those who like Alice Foote MacDougall were sort of pitchforked into them; one of the best is the conquest of shyness by a girl who became a success in business. The last chapter is called "You," and points the application in a thoroughly modern spirit.

H. G. H., Springfield, Mass., asks for a history of the Netherlands, later than Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "History of the United Netherlands."

SUPPLEMENTING these we have, recently published, a fine volume by Marjorie Bowen, called "The Netherlands Displayed" (Dodd, Mead). This takes the country province by province, making a combination of travel book, guide book, and historical record. The type is large and clear, the page a joy to the eye, and the pictures are reproductions of famous paintings, some of them having added interest as historical portraits.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH writes from "Quillcote," Maines—"How about that kindly, delightful old librarian, Henry Frensham, in W. B. Maxwell's 'Vivien'? Has anybody mentioned him?" One more for the growing group of librarians in fiction; the profession itself did not know there were so many.

H. G. C., Columbus, O., asks for suggestions for a club paper on modern philanthropies in which women have taken a leading part.

"CAUSES and Their Champions," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Little, Brown), presents eight modern movements, each through a study of its leader. The Red Cross is presented by Clara Barton, Temperance by Frances Willard, the New Uses of Wealth by the Rockefellers, Tolerance in Religion by Phillips Brooks, the American Labor Movement by Samuel Gompers, Woman Suffrage by Susan B. Anthony, Negro Advancement by Booker T. Washington, and World Peace by Woodrow Wilson. It would be a good book for a club library.

"Certain Samaritans," by Esther Pohl Lovejoy (Macmillan), is a new book that would make an excellent basis for a club paper or program. It is the story of the work of the American Women's Hospitals, first in the war-regions of France, then in Serbia, Constantinople, Greece, and the Balkans. It is well-told, and as for the work itself, even a bare record could not have been other than exciting. There are many pictures, unconventional in their choice of subject, and well reproduced.

E. P., New York, asks if there is something rather more consecutive than a phrase-book for a traveler in France: he has some acquaintance with the language, but his vocabulary is not that of the traveler, and though his phrase-book gave him a good start on many matters, it didn't carry him through.

THERE is a reader called "L'Europe en Zig-Zag," by W. H. Grosjean (Nelson), that I should think would fill this place neatly. It is a series of conversations on a tour of Europe (pictures of famous places included) and at the end of each chapter sentences to be turned from one language into the other. And of course there is "France on Ten Words a Day," by H. McCarty Lee (Simon & Schuster), which though not in the least a book for the study of the French language, does help a tourist to make himself understood.

H. R. G., Brooklyn, N. Y., relays a question from England, where a correspondent has heard that a small book on book-collecting has been mentioned in this review.

THIS must be "A Primer of Book-Collecting," by John T. Winterich (Greenberg), and mighty good book it is. I don't know how many times I have been asked for a guide that would give the completely green book-collector the information that almost all existing manuals take for granted that they know. The book is as unpretentious as its title; there is a place for it.

F. W. S., Cincinnati, O., wishes to prepare a brief survey and summary of the subject "The Status of Contemporary Literature in America"; he wishes books that will be of value. He has already the works of Stewart Sherman and H. L. Mencken.

THE two volumes of Henry Seidel Canby's "Definitions" (Harcourt, Brace), will not only inform a student of our present-day literature but lead him toward the forming of standards of judgment. I find that these books are often quoted to me by English friends, who take them as interpreters of our ideals. Percy Boynton's "Some Contemporary Americans" (University of Chicago) is so well equipped with notes and biographical information that besides its opinions the student finds material at hand for further reading. "The Literary Discipline," by John Erskine (Duffield), has for one of its five essays the best statement of what constitutes decency in literature that I have yet found. "Sherwood Anderson's Notebook" (Boni & Liveright) and his "A Story-Teller's Story" (Huebsch) must be on this list. There is a courageous but depressed essay on the literary life of America in Van Wyck Brook's "Emerson and Others" (Dutton); its ideas are salutary.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION — MEMBER — ABA — REMEMBER THEM WITH BOOKS

Tut! Tut!

A great deal has happened since last this column appeared in the *Saturday Review*. Yet the prospect hasn't changed in the slightest. Lots of good books have been published, there are fine bookstores everywhere—most of them thriving—and there are still many persons who aren't making regular trips to the aforesaid shops to buy the beforementioned books about which they have read in the reviews and advertisements of this admirable publication.

* * * *

Can it be, in spite of the splendid appeals of both the *Saturday Review* and this writer, that some of your friends are not reading the *Review?* Is it possible that you have not introduced them to your best bookseller? Could you, by mistake, have picked the favorite bootlegger, or bookmaker? Oh, no! No! No! No! Fie upon you, and for shame! What reward may you expect in the heaven of the bibliophiles?

* * * *

Oh, gentle reader. My heart bleeds for you, my head is bowed under the weight of your shame. But there is still a chance for you to work out your own salvation here on earth; to spend a short time in the correcting of your error. Else will you be placed under the ban and your grandchildren and your grandchildren's grandchildren, upon being asked about your work for humanity, will be ashamed.

* * * *

First of all take some of your friends to a good bookseller, a member of the *ABA* preferred, and with his aid endeavor to interest them in the pleasures of reading. See that they are placed on the shop's mailing list. If you don't know of a good shop, drop me a line and I'll send you the name of one that's near you. Then teach your friends how to consult another authority, the *Saturday Review*, and, if you like them a lot, give them each a present of a year's subscription on their birthdays or Labor Day or any day.

Ellis W. Meyers,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

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Points of View

Hollywood Analyzed

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have decided that you need a trip West. Now, please bear with me. Honestly, wouldn't you like to come West? I have thought and thought and schemed. There is nought else left for you to do. You know, you love New York—the East, the smug patch of coast with its peculiar wealth of atmosphere and tradition. You are an admirer of English life and literature, and again you are blameless. Of the French, too. But, sir, have you not, think, have you not neglected the rest of your country? How I presume, what awful cheek! (Do you remember when Andy Lang addressed a poem to R.L.S. saying something about "Louis with the brindled hair," and received one in reply—"Dear Andrew with the awful cheek." Or was it the other way around? Perhaps I absorbed some of Lang's own carelessness with quotations!)

This country begs to be written about as it deserves. As it deserves, please note. Those capable of writing about it have succumbed to a peculiar malady which is dwellant here. It is malady which strikes particularly at men of letters, painters, artists, and other sedentary workers. The bug of this malady immediately and effectively renders their work abortive, fantastic, ridiculous, according to its then-time strength. What it is I do not know—it is as yet a completely strange force, a culture whose isolation has not even been attempted. But it is here. It attacks those who would tell the truth, those who intend the greatest of sincerity. And literary men, who are renownedly frail organisms, have been, without exception, a prey to it. It attacks slyly, without hint or warning, and settles to its work with an uncanny lack of pother, with the result that its presence is unrecognized. The effect it has on the body it inhabits is truly deplorable. Its direct influence is this—that it attacks the centers of truth, so as to render them impotent of any sort of independent function, though not incapable of receiving stimulus from other sources. The position of correspondent for any high-hat periodical particularly favors any attack by this bug. As was said, it totally incapacitates its victim for the telling of truth while in its environs of life. The symptoms of attack by this bug are varied, and range magnificently. They can be anything from literary D. T.'s to Literati Retinitis (the latter an affecting and clouding of the perceptive retina, resulting in cloudiness of vision, squinting, and general mental slovenliness). However, it is no matter what the symptoms are—they are too general and tedious, embracing nearly all of psychopathology. It remains that the bug is there, and is a very sinister force.

The greatest fault that I have to find in those who have written of this country, is that they take it either too seriously, or not seriously enough. Of course, it is their ignorance as to the presence of that germ which causes those conditions. But nonetheless, it has not been represented with anything approaching accuracy. (Understand, that by "this country" I mean *not just* Southern California, but specifically that part of it known as Hollywood. I believe I shall call it just Hollywood, as that is where I want you to go.)

Hergesheimer has taken it too seriously—he seems to think that Hollywood really exists, that it is a place proper in existence. I think that he was kept up too late, was treated with too much deference for a literary man, and smoked too many cigarettes—all that besides the subtle influence of that germ. The reaction, naturally, was depressing, rather like the morning after. In that reaction, he conceived everything as ordered, commonplace, dull, with all its elegance and wealth. Van Vechten is merely cleverly reporterial, seemingly unable to pierce the mail of order and its gross, overwhelming accompaniments. He makes a very deft and polite farce of the whole thing, but the farce is still reality. Scott Fitzgerald has done nothing, Mencken nothing, Huxley, as usual, less than nothing. You see, it is the bug. Once arrived, this germ attacks them. They become as in a maze, and cannot see things clearly. It is unfortunate; but see, I am preparing you against it. Your immunization is your power to see clearly; and your immunization lies in absorbing my advice, the gist of which follows—

Hollywood is, and it is not. Its spirit is half quick, half in a torporous dream. You cannot say that it is wholly of either one—that is what makes it a tragedy. It is like no other city existent—New York, which nests so much of ambition, permits dreams of ambition, but they are not so dangerously close to emotion—they are much less prone to havocking. The dreams of Hollywood are so close to vanity, and so close to primitive emotions and dangers of vanity, that they are seldom anything but tragic, pathetic, and devastating. Those dreams are all of vanity—deep in the heart, there is no thought of art. Those dreams are as one in Hollywood—they commix to form its *élan*. There is the tragedy of dreams in every city, in every town, but you cannot say they are so damningly violent. That's what they are—they are damningly violent. And, like a magnet, the town continues to attract those given to that violence, to that dreamful press of vanity. Aye, we are all vain and pea-fowlish; all parts of the world have witnesses to it. But, may I repeat, it comes to a head here—it is at its apogee, where it is most spectacular, most near to being definite, and most tragic. That is why I say there is no order—it cannot exist (aside from the material) along with such violence.

As was said, there is an order to the material. There has to be, for existence. Hollywood is modern. But the material is not overpondering, as, say, in Youngstown. In all that occupation of duty and mean work, there can be no blessed absorption in the unesthetic, none of the Nirvana. Not with every other person being one of those violent. All are infected. I have seen it too often. In the eyes of the drug clerk, the bill-collector, the truck driver, is the vanity of which I have spoken. They all want work "near the studios"—and there are tales of many rash things done in an effort to accomplish that end. Don't you see—there is material order, work of production, organization, manual labor, but it cannot deaden that primitive, violent malcontent. There is too much of dreams about—the town is saturated with their vanity.

The result is that Hollywood is a world by itself—a world out of known dimensions. It is a small world, but it projects (to the few not visored to the sight of it) a stage, and actors, and drama which together present the most poignant tragedy of life that can be imagined. Jim Tully has glimpsed that tragedy, but he seems unable to tell about it. The spirit which he conceives has its feet too much on the ground. It is a tragedy enacted in a half-light, in a mist of the soul's disorder, in a fog from the sea of death. That tragedy should be recorded as a fantasy, nothing else. And with the action—rather, the inaction, wherein the pitiful aspirations are consumed—there should be a distinct and constant reminding that the thing *is* done in a half-light. (Through a veil of moonlight). It is big stuff—it is raw, and human, and still not real. It is a spirit, committing itself in this tableau. It is the spirit of man. It is important, but no one has done anything about it. No one seems to have caught the significance. The town is a stage; man, all of man, the actor. I tell you, it is immense. And, you are the one to do it. I have given you the advice against what blinds them all, what impoverishes them all. I have seen that subtle evil, perhaps because I have looked dispassionately. I do not deny that I would like to be a doctor.

Well, this thing has dragged to an awful length—I am very sorry. But I have been thinking and thinking of it for weeks, and the volume of the overflow is but the result of the accumulation of those thoughts. If it has had any annoying effect on you, remember that it has done me much good to get this off my chest, as it were.

MAURICE WIDDOWS.

British Spelling

To the *Editor of The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am moved to ask where Mr. Clifford H. Bissell in his letter to you, "Is It Pedantry?" gets that stuff about "British peculiarities of spelling English."

He reminds me of the people who tell me, an Englishman, that I speak English with "an English accent."

Now my stay of several years in this country has taught me to appreciate you Americans, but really, you make me laugh sometimes.

Cheerfully yours,
J. C. W. BIRD.

Bloomfield, N. J.

Has our correspondent ever heard of "Anglicisms"? The recent conference on English in London decided that the best American usage had equal authority with the best English usage. Hence honest and natural variations from either norm would naturally be described as "peculiarities," though "customs" would be a better word. The British do not own the copyright on English—neither do the Americans.—Editor.

Logan's Speech

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A correspondent in last week's issue asks Mrs. Becker where he can find a copy of the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, so common in the readers of fifty years ago. She gives Howells's "Stories of Ohio" as one of the sources, being prevented from making further research in the matter by the fact that the paper was going to press.

The question offers an opportunity for giving an account of this famous speech, so well known to the older generation from their school readers. It will surprise many people to know that this celebrated oration is connected with American history and controversies about it are linked with a Presidential election.

I suspect most older people know this speech through having read it in McGuffey's "Fourth Eclectic Reader" where it is attributed to Jefferson. And McGuffey's reader dates from the 'thirties of the nineteenth century. But we may go back still further. In the very first reader by an American, Noah Webster's famous Third Part of his "Grammatical Institutes," issued in 1785, Logan's speech greets us. It is also in another famous reader of a decade or so later, Caleb Bingham's "Columbian Orator." Most of the later readers no doubt copied McGuffey.

The speech however received its greatest vogue because it appears in Jefferson's "Notes of Virginia" issued in 1782. The publication of Logan's speech in it led to so much bitterness that Jefferson issued a supplement in 1800 and his letters are full of allusions to an attack made upon him by a relative of Cresap the man whom Logan blames for the massacre. Jefferson instituted a rigorous research into the truth of the charge against Cresap. Logan was mistaken as to the man responsible for the massacre and the matter was brought up in Jefferson's campaign. The whole matter is thrashed out by Paul Leicester Ford in some of the volumes of his edition of Jefferson's works. Ford concludes the speech is genuine. Jefferson in a long letter tells how he came by the speech.

Jefferson was not the author of the speech and he says it had been current for a number of years. As a matter of fact the school boys of the Revolution were also committing it to memory. The massacre took place in 1774 and a copy of the speech appears in one of James Madison's letter dated February, 1775, though the old edition omits the speech in print, as too well known. The speech had already around 1774 and 1775 been circulated in a Virginia and a New York newspaper and was copied in later years in the American Archives, in the first volume of the Fourth Series, Page 1020.

There is an account of Logan himself in the American Encyclopædia and the speech itself appears in the earlier edition of the work. His real name was Tah-Gah-Jute, and not Logan, which was taken from the name of the Secretary of Pennsylvania. He was killed by a relative after a drunken brawl.

The school readers naïvely tell us that the little speech can be compared with Cicero and Demosthenes. Its eloquence was of course exaggerated. It is a translation and probably embellished. It is undoubtedly a real cry at injustice for Logan's entire family were killed.

We think of the conclusion of the speech of about 200 words, "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one," and we go back to our childhood days. The speech has had imitations in the readers, one, I recall in Mrs. Monroe's New Fourth Reader.

ALBERT MORDELL.

Philadelphia.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 76*)

Philosophy

BEYOND BEHAVIORISM: The Future of Psychology. By ROBERT COURTNEY. Grant Publications, Inc. 1927.

The claim made for this pretentious little book, as "the most important contribution yet made to the psychology of our time," indicates the futility of further acquaintance. It is a fantastically organized set of speculations by analogy, seizing upon the current interest in behaviorism and the other rivals in psychological interest, to lure the unwary reader. It proposes to save man from mechanical determinism by reinstating an esoteric type of inner awareness, derived from Oriental mysticism and a psychic resurrection like that of the butterfly, to replace the abandoned consciousness. It is a negligible playlet of ideas masquerading in some of the garments of science.

Religion

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. Second Series. By BARON FRIEDRICH VON HUGEL. Dutton. 1926. $5.

Despite its title, this second series of essays and addresses by the late Baron von Hügel hardly deals with philosophy of religion at all, in the ordinary sense of that phrase. The fundamental and universal problems of religion, the questions concerning its origin and function in the general economy, are not here treated. On the contrary even the specific dogmas of Christianity are here presupposed as accepted. Thus, if not philosophy, still less is the book a work of Christian Apologetics; it does not lamely attempt to prove what it everywhere takes for granted. It might be called a volume of undogmatic theology—the spontaneous reflections of a sensitive and subtle mind or many aspects of Christian thought. Baron von Hügel's position as a liberal Catholic makes his utterances on "Official Authority and Living Religion," or on "The Facts and Truths concerning God and the Soul which are of most Importance in the Life of Prayer," particularly interesting. Anyone who finds difficulty in entering into the psychology of contemporary Catholicism, and yet desires to do so, could not meet a better opportunity. One still occasionally hears the rather stupid statement, "I do not see how so intelligent a man as So-and-So can be a Catholic." Baron von Hügel, whose intelligence, sincerity, and learning were beyond dispute, in his essay on "The Catholic Contribution to Religion" gives seven striking reasons for the faith that was in him. Anyone who can do as well by his own variety of faith or unfaith is to be congratulated. Beyond its value as a tolerant and clear statement of Catholic thought, the volume has the further significance of bringing one in contact with a transparently pure and lofty mind.

HUMANIST SERMONS. Edited by *Curtis W. Reese*. Open Court. $2.50.

PARADISE FOUND. By *Louis Aaron Reitmeister*. Hitchcock. $3.50.

Science

THE HUMAN BODY. By TREVOR HEATON, M.D. Dutton. 1927.

The attempt to interest the layman in physiology has often been made and perhaps never with better success than in the present work. It is a somewhat difficult undertaking. This is a science which cannot be studied at all profoundly unless one has become well grounded in the fundamentals of several other branches. A physiologist who has thus prepared himself is likely to forget the serious gaps in his reader's knowledge and to bewilder him by a presentation which assumes too much in the way of background. The author of this book never loses sight of the reader's limitations. He assumes intelligence but not a great deal of technical information. His vocabulary is simple but accurate, his style is entertaining without being flippant. The story is always straightforward but good taste is never transgressed. The writer properly concerns himself mainly with objective and experimental facts but he gives place to the philosophical and devout attitude.

Hygiene is secondary to physiology in these chapters. The nature of the diseases which most frequently affect each of the systems receives reasonable attention. What is said is concise and well considered. The achievements of medical science are set forth and the great problems which still confront and challenge it are fully recognized. The illustrations are of superior quality and selected with rare judgment.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

IF the inquiries received by this department are any criterion, there is a steadily growing interest among collectors in worth while illustrated books of all periods. We have had several inquiries recently about the best course to pursue in studying the history and art of the illustrated book. From the block books and the earliest books printed by movable type, on through four and a half centuries, illustration has played its significant part in the printed book. It makes a long story, if well told.

Some years ago the New York Public Library held an exhibition in its print gallery studiously calculated to tell this interesting story by noteworthy examples of illustrated books since the beginning of printing. The library drew from its own resources, including the S. P. Avery collection, both for old and modern books, and with the aid of J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry E. Huntington, William Barclay Parsons, and Cortlandt F. Bishop, who assisted with loans, it was possible to assemble a collection which exemplified book illustration at its best throughout four centuries. This exhibition and its significance was reviewed in a pamphlet written by Frank Weitenkampf and printed by the New York Public Library. A year later the same library printed a catalogue of the books exhibited, divided into periods, fully described, with scholarly notes, under the title "Illustrated Books of the Past Four Centuries."

These two pamphlets, of nominal cost, can still be furnished by the New York Public Library and they make a good starting point for the collector interested in the illustrated book. It not only gives a bird's-eye view of the subject, but it gives a long list of books by which a study of the subject can be carried further. The collector interested in this subject should have these two pamphlets.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTOR

THE American Collector, founded by Charles F. Heartman and conducted by him for nearly two years, has been brought to this city and is now under the editorial direction of W. N. C. Carlton. The August number is the first to be published since the change. The leading article, "The Younger Generation in the Colleges," refers to the interest that students in Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are taking in book collecting and predicts that as the "old guard" of collectors pass away their places will be filled by younger men equally enthusiastic over rare books and equipped for their work with a fine foundation of bibliographical and literary knowledge. Under the title "Fine Books in America, A Review of Two Current Exhibitions," Paul Johnston reviews the exhibition of Fifty Books of the Year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and the display of the work of Bruce Rogers at the office of the Pynson Printers. Other articles include "Joaquin Millerania," by Henry Meade Bland; "Balzac as He Was Not," by William H. Royce; "Alexander Auld," by Frank J. Metcalf; "Henry Edwards Huntington, 1850-1927, An Appreciation," by W. N. C. Carleton; Peter P. Good's "Materia Medica Animalia," by Harry B. Weiss, and "The 'Passyports' and their Press," by Randolph G. Adams. The departments "Book Reviews," "Notes on Catalogues," and "Comments and Marginalia" are continued although they are given less space than formerly. This is distinctly a collector's magazine and deserves support.

ANOTHER NATIONAL SHRINE

THE historic Adams House at Quincy, Mass., is to be thrown open to the public. The grandchildren of Charles Francis Adams have decided to do this, and the home of many generations of their family will soon be a national shrine. The house has many portraits, among them those of John and Abigail Adams painted by Gilbert Stuart, and George and Martha Washington by Savage. Books of the two presidents, of Charles Francis Adams, of Brooks Adams, and of Henry Adams are everywhere. The house is literally filled with relics of the Adams family for a century and a half. In "The Education of Henry Adams" its author devotes many pages to the old New England home and his early boyhood days there. This shrine will refresh many fading recollections of famous men who have dwelt there, of John Adams, defender and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and second president of the United States; of John Quincy Adams, president and for a generation storm center in the National House of Representatives; of Charles Francis Adams, statesman and diplomat of the Civil War period; and of Henry Adams, author and historian of great brilliance. For a century and a half this house has been the home of a family closely identified with American history and progress. It is noteworthy that the same decade that has made a shrine of the home of the author of the Declaration of Independence has also made a shrine of its chief defender.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Gregynog Press, of Newton, England, announces the issue of "Selected Poems by Edward Thomas," with an introduction by Edward Garnett, in a limited edition of 275 copies on Japanese vellum. This press has also issued a prospectus of this forthcoming volume and full particulars of other limited editions which are still procurable.

Forthcoming publications of the Duke University Press of Durham, North Carolina, include a study of "The Social Philosophy of William Morris," by Anna A. von Helmholtz-Phelan; "English Verse between Chaucer and Surrey," a volume of selections, with introductions, notes, and bibliographies, by Eleanor P. Hammond, and a study of "The New England Clergy and the American Revolution," by Alice M. Baldwin.

The Cambridge University Press has nearly ready the first volume of "The Poetry of the Age of Wordsworth," with which Professor J. Dover Wilson makes a new beginning to "Cambridge Anthologies," a series interrupted by the war and now resumed under his general editorship. The present selection is devoted to the five major poets of the romantic revival, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

The question was recently raised as to whether the copy of Keats's poems which Shelley had with him when he was drowned was the "Poems" of 1817, or "Lamia," etc., of 1820. Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," settles this point:

"Keats's last volume also (the 'Lamia,' etc.) was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it to me again. So I would not have it from any other. It was burnt with his remains."

W. Penn Cresson, Glendale, Mass., has been engaged during the past two years in preparing a two-volume biography of James Monroe, president and author of the Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe family has greatly facilitated his work by placing at his disposal a large deposit of Gouveneur papers containing much original manuscript, and he has also had access to some material for the first time available among the Rush papers in Philadelphia. Mr. Cresson would be glad to know of other material in the hands of private individuals which might aid him in his work.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE RIDDLE OF THE TSANGPO GORGES. By F. KINGDON WARD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1927. $7.50.

We are rather inclined to think of a botanist as a mild and conservative individual, perhaps slightly timorous, and certainly not overly adventurous. Such preconceived ideas will be rudely shattered by even a glance through Captain Kingdon Ward's book.

It is a difficult thing to write of a botanical expedition in such a manner that it will interest a layman, and the only other books dealing with botanical exploration in which we can recall taking a genuine interest are those delightful volumes by the late Reginald Farrer, "On the Eaves of the World," and "The Rainbow Bridge." Farrer was dealing with the mountain ranges of Southern China, but it was during the course of an expedition into Burma that he contracted fever and died far up in the interior of the country.

Captain Ward has taken part in many expeditions and has approached Tibet both from the Chinese and the Burmese sides. He has had much experience in both tropical and subarctic exploration. He must possess great advantages in physique over Farrer, who was very poorly equipped physically to undertake such difficult field work. Farrer seems never to have been in anything but poor physical shape, whereas Kingdon Ward must be a very unusually hardy man. The quality they have in common is the ability to paint charming word pictures of their botanical finds. The enthusiasm they feel upon the discovery of a new primula is vividly communicated to the reader, and that is no easy task when, as must often be the case, that same reader does not know the difference between a primula and a rhododendron.

They must of course give due consideration also to their scientific audiences, and to do so necessitates the employment of much Latin nomenclature, and a series of numbers to identify the particular specimen referred to. This will act as a deterrent upon the casual reader, but he to whom these differentiating scientific appellants mean nothing, can soon accustom himself to skip over them without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The expedition described in this volume had as its objective the almost unknown regions of Southwestern Tibet where the Tsangpo River breaks through the last barriers of the Himalayas before entering Burmese territory, where it suffers a change of name and is known as the Brahmaputra. The amazing gorges of the Tsangpo have long been a region of mystery. Some still believe that in their heart there exists an immense waterfall greater than Niagara, or Iguassú, or the falls of the Zambesi. They have never yet been fully explored.

In order to reach this district Captain Ward was obliged to cross over the barren highlands of Tibet. At one time his course took him within fifty miles, as the crow flies, of Lhasa, the mysterious capital of the Forbidden Country. We are accustomed to think of Tibet as a relatively small country, but in reality Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal could be comfortably accommodated within its boundaries. It is sparsely inhabited throughout, with some sections practically uninhabited, and no railroad approaches within fifty miles of its boundaries.

Captain Ward was gone for a little short of two years. Lord Cawdor was his only companion, and during the last year they saw no other white man. Lord Cawdor's special province was the making of the photographic record of the expedition, and how well he succeeded may be judged by the excellent and well chosen material used to illustrate the book. In addition he has contributed two interesting and informative chapters upon the inhabitants of Southeastern Tibet and their mode of life.

"The Riddle of the Tsangpo Gorges" is the account of an achievement most worth while, ably carried out, and excellently recorded.

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The Phoenix Nest

WE are sorry to have to interrupt the invaluable services of *O'Reilley*, but from our embowered siesta in the California of *Vachel Lindsay's* Golden Whales,—and, although we have sniffed San Francisco Bay again we have *not* as yet envisaged (as the horrible word is) said whales,—it occurs to us that more should be said than has yet been said for a certain book of poems that will be out in September. We have already called your attention to *Phelps Putnam's* "Drink," but at that writing we had not read it. Now we have. . . .

Mr. Putnam's opening sonnets, "On Drink," will probably be severely frowned upon by the Prohibitionists, yet in them he states no less than the truth, and that in good ringing phrase:

So heart and body, heroes newly made,
With monstrous laughter blaring in the night,
Go swaggering, dear friends and unafraid,
Down the outrageous highway of delight.

To some of the rest of his book exception may be taken. If in narrow compass one tried to give an indication of the quality of his work one might say, "a queer blend of François Villon and Edwin Arlington Robinson." But that would give an indication merely. Mr. Putnam's own speech is impressively individual, but his mind is active and bitter and essentially masculine. He also likes to use a bawdy word every once in a while; is, in fact, enamoured of the word "bawdy" itself. But though his speech quite often swaggers rather little-boyishly, his intellect is as the veins of Mithridates,—it can thrive on poison. His poems are odd and unexpected. There are two sections to his book: one is titled "Green Wine," one "Brandy." He addresses and includes certain friends by name. To men of a certain time at Yale the names of Fred Manning and "Doc" Walker and others will awaken memories. We particularly cottoned to the queer "Ballad of a Strange Thing." In a sense, it seems to us, Mr. Putnam has not yet outgrown his college years,—the point of view of that period. But there is undoubted power in his imagination. And he possesses a fine bitter humor. He appears to be a misogynist, but appearances are treacherous. Certainly his book is out of the ordinary run. You will relish it if you are of his temper. . . .

Must we ever return to grapple with the case of O'Reilley? It seems so. But it also seems a pity to interrupt the education of this ambitious mouse. He appears to be learning our job with incredible rapidity. We like his *esprit*. Certainly we are deeply in his debt. When we return to the city we shall present him with the largest hunk of Roquefort we can find. . . .

Before we left we forgot to call your attention to what has been—and, fortunately, still is—going on at the Lantern Book Shop of *Louise Bonney*, up at Lake Placid. A series of informal talks was arranged there for this summer and the ones so far have been highly successful. The talks started with *Jan* and *Cora Gordon*, the famous Vagabond artists of Europe, on July 18, and after them, each week, came *Hendrik Van Loon*, *Sigmund Spaeth*, and *John W. Vandercook*, the author of "Tom-Tom." By this time *Thyra Samter Winslow* will have appeared to give the low-down on a lot of people we know, and a little later *John Farrar* will hold forth. Louise Bonney is certainly an up-and-coming young bookselleress. . . .

Charles C. Fleming, of Richmond, Virginia, has conveyed to us the following which is thought to have appeared in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* years ago. He says, "No sonnet, but rather ferocious, don't you think?" Well, we like it enormously, and it may possibly please our readers as much as it has us. Who was the author?

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!
To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To sleep her!
God keep her!
To sleep her!
She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!
She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!
She fattened away till she burst one day,
Exploded, blew up, God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

And here *is* a Ferocious Sonnet that slipped our last collation somehow. It came a while ago, before we started west, from *Dorothy Burgess* of Wellesley, who knew both Will and his sister Mary, and vouches for the incident. Their language, she says, is their own, down to the last word:

"God damn you, Mary, straight to Hell,"
sez Will.
"Keep thet calf offen my sore toe. You know
I've told you times enough and then you go
And push the calf. Now try to hold him still.
I wish you was in Hell!" "I'd ruther be
In t'other place," I sez, "cuz I'd make sure
I wouldn't see you there, you cussed poor
Old fool!" And then Will swore some more at me.
But when Will's toe eased up a mite I heerd
Him sort of laughin', so I turned around
And I laughed too, and then somehow we found
We both felt better. No, I wasn't feared
He'd be reel mad. But, God, I do declare,
Hell bent fer Kittery, thet Will kin swear!

The best stories of *Richard Harding Davis* will be out soon through *Scribner's*, selected and edited with an introduction by *Roger Burlingame*. They will be in one volume, entitled "From 'Gallegher' to 'The Deserter.'" . . .

Ready in September will be *Marie Jenney Howe's "George Sand*: The Search for Love," a sympathetic interpretation of the first modern woman. Here was a woman reared in the most conventional traditions who became the freest spirit of her generation. Just before we left for the West we went to see Jannings at the Paramount. Another feature of the bill was a moving-picture interpretation of the life of *Chopin*, in which Chopin and Madame Sand and her children were shown at Majorca. One was given distinctly to understand that the interest of one artist in another was entirely maternal, and that they parted finally when Chopin declared his love to George Sand and she retorted that, of course, she was only interested in his music. We had always understood different—but maybe we were wrong. . . .

Ere we hegirad we recall a lunchtime when all gave serious thought to a name for a new car just purchased by one of the staff of *The Saturday Review*. There were some positively brilliant efforts as we remember,—such as: Jane Cowl, Parker House Rolls, Show Boat, Pericles Prince of Tyre, The Scholar Gypsy, Quo Vadis, Etaoin Shrdlu, Baedeker,—and finally, in despair, and as the car was made in Indianapolis, Hoosier Old Man?

Which seems to us a sufficiently good time for us to fade out of the picture again. Besides, we have to go now and bulldog some steers at a rodeo. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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